

TAKE NOTICE.

ROOSEVELT RALLY.

There will be a great rally in Berea on Saturday, October 22nd, with distinguished speakers and good music.

NEXT SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8TH.

There will be addresses and music in Berea Tabernacle at 2 p.m. Pres. Frost will speak especially to young men who are casting their first vote.

Gleaves & Co., contractors for the water works, are offering work for men and teams. No one need be idle or poor in the neighborhood of Berea this fall.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Great damage was done by an earthquake in Chili.

Serious rioting is reported among the nitrate laborers in Chili.

President Roosevelt has been requested to intervene in the affairs of the Congo Free State.

The Congress of Lawyers and Jurists indorsed the proposed call for a second peace conference at The Hague.

The revenues of the United Kingdom for the half year just ended show a decrease of \$15,233,525 over the corresponding period last year.

Valuable oil paintings of Emperor Nicholas were mutilated at the Russian exhibit at the World's Fair and the features of the Emperor were defaced.

Alderman John Pound, chairman of the London General Omnibus Company, Ltd., was to-day chosen Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Oregon farmers have sent up the price of hops by holding their crops.

The big battleship Connecticut was launched at the New York navy yard Thursday.

The Index, the oldest and strongest infidel newspaper in the United States, has been stopped for lack of support. Infidelity is losing ground.

Nazareth Day at the World's Fair was observed by the alumnae of Nazareth Academy. Eleven States and one foreign country were represented.

Harvard University yesterday began the 269th year of its existence. At Yale the attendance was the largest ever known there on an opening day.

United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, died Friday morning, Sept. 30, after an illness extending over a period of many months.

A monument in honor of Gen. William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, was dedicated yesterday in Bellefontaine cemetery, St. Louis.

The Chicago Federation of Labor has refused to obey the order of President Gompers, of the national organization, to expel the Franklin Union of Pressfeeders.

The agitation against the Negro, which has been so much of a craze, is reacting against the South and the Democratic party. The heartless words of Tillman and Vardaman have kept millions of capital out of the South, and turned thousands of votes to Roosevelt in the doubtful states.

Judge Parker writes a letter accepting his nomination. In it he gives up most of the points Democrats have been contending for. He favors gold, moderate protection, and about everything which the Republicans have brought to pass. In fact he promises, if elected, to try to do the same for the country as the Republicans have been doing.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The Democratic campaign in Kentucky will be formerly opened Monday with speeches by some of the best orators in many counties.

A. D. Murrell, an appointed student from Taylor county, has been ordered to leave the State College. He says he will contest the matter.

Hopkins county Democrats, indignant over Acting Gov. Thorne's pardon of Clem Buchter, will not permit him to open the campaign at Madisonville, and on their demand he has been withdrawn.

The Lexington Herald, Democratic, sees that the cruel sentiments against the Negro recently expressed by Democratic leaders is turning votes away from that party. The Herald now favors a liberal and educational policy toward the colored race—"giving every encouragement to the exceptional Negro who may become a leader of his own race, and giving to the masses in our public schools an education largely industrial." That is just what the last Legislature, and Democrats in general, have been refusing to do.



POPE PIUS X. AND HIS SECRETARY, CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

This interesting picture shows Pope Pius X. hard at work, with the papal secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, at his elbow. The pope is a very busy man, and of late the controversy between the Vatican and Premier Combes of France has engaged a large amount of his time.

Berea Public Schools.

THE CITIZEN was as much asleep as the rest of the community this time, and allowed the election of school trustees, "the first Saturday of October," to come without notice.

In the Colored District there has been much dissatisfaction with the trustees because they had refused to secure teachers who could meet the conditions on which Pres. Frost had offered to raise money for repair of schoolhouse and lengthening of the term.

The following call was issued for a caucus:

VOTERS, BEREA COLORED SCHOOL DISTRICT.

A committee of five well-known friends of our race—Pres. Frost, Jas. Bond, W. E. C. Wright, J. R. Rogers and Dr. Barton—offers to raise money to improve the Berea Colored School. The Committee desires to get superior teachers, further improve the schoolhouse, lengthen the term, and so far as possible give the colored children the same advantages they would have in Berea College.

This does not come from the College, which is prevented by the new and oppressive law from helping in this way.

It does not take the place of anything the College is to do when its rights have been settled by the courts. The College is going to find a way to help the colored people. But while the College waits for its lawsuit to be decided, these five friends desire to help us in educating our children.

The committee of five cannot raise money for this improved school unless the school trustees will appoint teachers whom the Committee can approve. People will not give money except for a school with superior teachers. If we are to have this improved school for our children we must elect a trustee who will help appoint no teachers except such as the committee of five can recommend.

We therefore invite all qualified voters who favor this plan for our improved school to meet at the colored schoolhouse Saturday morning, October 1, at 9 o'clock, to nominate a candidate for the office of school trustee who shall be pledged to this co-operation with the committee of five.

ANDERSON C. CRAWFORD,
GEO. HOFFMAN,
GEO. REYNOLDS.

On this platform Wm. Kenedy was nominated and elected. This will hasten the time when our colored children may have a good school.

In the white district Dr. Robinson was elected on a light vote, and he will be interested as a parent and an old teacher in the welfare of the school.

Without her knowledge Mrs. Jennie Lester Hill was voted for by a large number. The idea of having a woman on the Board is a good one. A man may know about children, but a woman who is both a mother and a teacher is bound to know.

A LETTER.

This is the day in which a large part of the Christians of the world, Protestant as well as Catholic, celebrate by thanking God for the creation and ministry of angels. Though but little is revealed to us concerning this class of beings, yet our Lord draws one lesson from their work

which all of us will do well to consider. The Son of God, when He became man, had much to say about little children, as every reader of the Bible will remember.

In one of His discourses about little children He says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

What a lesson is there in this to teach us to gladly serve the feeble and lowly. In this the holy angels "which excel in strength" set us a blessed example. Because of their majesty and glory they do not despise one of these little ones of any race or clime, but make it their joy to use their great powers for their service. If they, with their glory, which if fully revealed to us would destroy our sight, rejoice to serve these little ones, how despicable and wicked does the conduct of those appear who, disobeying the command of the Son of God, despise them and treat them with scorn, as if they were no more worthy of love and care than as if they were brutes. While this example of the angels is very striking and worthy of imitation, I am well aware that it is insignificant in comparison with that of the Son of God, who is exalted to sit at the right hand of God, who delights not only to help the lowest and feeblest but Himself to dwell in all young or old who have a child-like spirit. He does more than come close to such—He puts Himself in contact with their spirits. He does not say, how degraded they are and how exalted I am, but uses His exaltation and power for their blessing. When He says to His followers, "Freely ye have received knowledge and love, freely give the same," He sets them the example. Blessed are they who follow His example, but what can be said of those who do it only to their own race and kind?

JOHN A. R. ROGERS.
Woodstock, Ill., Sept. 29, 1904.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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PERT PARAGRAPHS.

There is nothing like a good dinner and harmonious surroundings to make one's heart glow with philanthropic feeling for the poor and downtrodden.

After being married two weeks a bride thinks she understands men, but after two years she has her doubts.

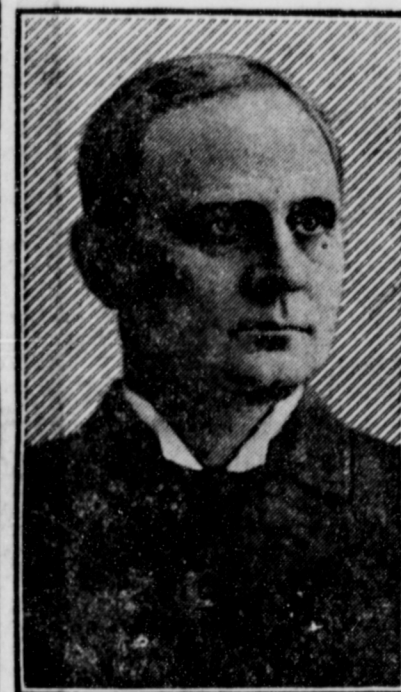


Some people are always wanting to know where Cain got his wife. Perhaps he patronized a matrimonial bureau.

Even a new broom will not sweep clean in the hands of some women.

Did you ever notice that there is plenty of room at the top of a barrel for the largest apples?

Congressman Champ Clark.
Congressman Champ Clark of Missouri has for some years been a conspicuous figure in the councils of the



Democratic party. At the recent national convention at St. Louis he was honored with the position of permanent chairman. He is now serving his fifth term in congress. He was born in Anderson county, Ky., in 1850.

Dr. Shimose's Inventions.

The explosive used in the Japanese mine is a purely Japanese discovery. It is called "shimose," after Dr. Shimose, a famous professor at the University of Tokyo. For twenty years he experimented with explosives and to this day wears the scars of many wounds received during his researches. He asserts that his explosive is decidedly stronger than lyddite, melinite or any similar invention



and that it will explode when others fail to work. To shimose is attributed the destruction of the Petropavlovsk. The shimose powder has proved to be very effective in artillery duels with the Russians.

Ex-Senator Davis' Start.

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, Democratic nominee for vice president, made his start as a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, one of the oldest railroads in the country. After



working for a time as brakeman a wreck occurred. The road had to be cleared up, and he was so useful he was promoted to be a conductor, and other promotions steadily followed. Work is his motto. Senator Davis served six years in the West Virginia legislature and twelve years in the United States senate. He is now eighty years of age.

Helen Keller.

Helen Keller, the blind, deaf and dumb young woman who graduated last June from Radcliffe college, which is the woman's department of Harvard university, is now twenty-four years



old and was born in Tuscumbia, Ala. At the age of eighteen months she was taken ill, and the sickness left her deaf, dumb and sightless. Although so greatly handicapped, she has conquered all obstacles, obtained an exceptionally accurate knowledge of languages and written two books.

Cannot Afford To Lose

HAVE you deeds, mortgages, insurance policies, or other papers that you do not care to lose? If so we advise you to rent one of our safe deposit boxes in our fire proof vault. These safes will take care of your papers, jewelry and etc. The Safe costs you only two dollars a year. Come in and see them.

THE

BEREA BANKING COMPANY.

J. J. MOORE, President.

W. H. PORTER, Cashier.

RICHMOND GREENHOUSES!

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Richmond, Ky.

Cut Flowers,

Designs and

Blooming Plants.

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WANTED 100,000 BOYS 10 YEARS OF AGE AND OVER

TO ENLIST IN OUR BOYS' HOME BRIGADE. Apply in own handwriting, stating age, address, occupation, and military experience if any. Send 15 cents for certificate of membership 1 year's subscription to BRIGADE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE, together with particulars concerning promotions, etc. All promotions and appointments that may be made from time to time by the Commanding Officer will be published each month in our magazine after a competitive examination. Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Medical. The regulations are such as not to interfere in any way with the home work or study of the boy but rather to create discipline and such application as will tend to make him more diligent and intensify the manly spirit so desirable in your boy. Members will be known by the regulation Brigade badge to be worn on coat lapel. Be in it. Address Major W. WILSON-IRWIN, Brigade Commander, Box 1106, Des Moines, Ia. N. B.—This is an opportunity for a boy to be a soldier every day at his own home.

THE HOUSECLEANING SEASON

Is here, and every housewife wants one or more pieces of new

FURNITURE, CARPET or MATTING.

Take a Look Through Our Stock

It will surprise you how well and how reasonably we can supply your wants.

IF IT'S FROM US, IT'S GOOD.

New Florence Drop Top Ball Bearing Sewing Machines, \$25, \$30 and \$35, worth \$50, \$60 and \$65.

CRUTCHER & EVANS,

Joplin's Old Stand, Richmond, Ky., Day Phone 73; Night Phone 47-66.

This Week

is a special one with us, because the beginning of a new school year means the finding of many new friends.

In anticipation of a pleasant year's trade we call your attention to our especially attractive bargains in

Ladies' Hose and Vests, Our large opening in fall and winter hats, Ribbons in College colors, Handkerchiefs, etc., and other things feminine.

Mrs. Bettie Mason,

Main St.,

Berea, Ky.

East End Drug Co.

DEALERS IN PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

See our 5c. and 10c. counter

—A WONDER OF GLASS—WORK.

Come and look at the nicest line of QUEEN'S WARE ever in Berea.

We also carry a nice line of FRESH GROCERIES and STAPLE ARTICLES at the lowest prices.

CALL AND SEE US.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

H. C. WOLF, Prop.



THE BEREAVED LOVER.

Love, I've wandered far to-day where
green forest boughs are bending,
And past wide, wide fields where men are
planting corn;
And I found a forest pathway that of old
knew our wedding,
Where the shady nooks still hung the
dew of morn;
And the mocking birds were singing and
the skies were deep and blue,
And sweet voices of the springtime
seemed to ask for you.

Said the mocking birds: "The maiden?
You're not surely here alone?"
And "Alone!" the echo whispered, and
a breeze tipping by
softly searched through all the forest
with a long expectant tone,
And then stooping to the meadow where
the early blossoms lie
Gently lifted up each leaflet, then re-
placing it with care,
Seemed to pause then soft departed
whispering: "Not there, not there!"

Still I trod on till I reached it, the old
oak tree of our trysting,
Where a mound is and where wreaths
of blossoms lie,
And my face was in the mosses, and the
blossoms all unlit
Wandered past me and I heard a quav-
ring cry,
Which welled from somewhere within me
a long cry which taught could save,
'Twas my soul bereft and longing, call-
ing, calling, to its mate.

But the blossoms, nor the oak tree where
our names are carved deep,
Seemed to give the mound beside me a
thought;
Just the breeze came snuggling to me and
it whispered: "Never weep
For the maiden for her soul is never
rough."
In that narrow earthen chamber where
the worms their revels hold,
For the soul seeks warmth and glory, and
the grave is dark and cold!"

Then I wandered far and left it, left the
grave, earth-cold and deep,
For a something whispered to me where
to seek,
And I know that I shall find you on the
other side of sleep,
And although I wake with tear drops
on my cheek,
Still I know you wait to greet me where
we never more shall part,
But the long and weary waiting, just the
waiting, breaks my heart!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.



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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Again there was the crunching of
twigs under several feet, and she
could distinguish in the faint light
dark forms moving between the
trees. She rose slowly, dazedly. Besse-
mer, in a trance, saw her and waved
those behind him back.

"Pardon me, I wish a few words
at my wife's death, Ellery."
The answer came before the title
told him that he was not deceived
as to her identity. He was deter-
mined, however, to deceive his com-
panions if he could. He was no
novice in barrack mess and camp-
fire gossip. He knew well the mor-
tals soldiers love to talk beneath
their tongues, and he had no desire
that this girl's name should be
smirched, as it would be if the
lengths to which she had come to
save Worthington's life that night
were known. His pride's protection
moved him to this course, if nothing
else. He had paid her marked atten-
tion, had openly courted her brother
for her sake, had made no secret of
his wooing. To have the name of a
woman he had thus honored linked
unsexually with that of another man
was galling.

"It were a pity, madam," he said,
between his teeth, "for your family's
sake, not to mention your own, that
your discretion does not keep pace
with your determination. Your mad
actions to-night have placed your
relatives in a position that is, to say
the least, unenviable."

If he had expected her to be
crushed by these cutting words, he
reckoned little of Jane's spirit. "A
state of affairs, sir," she answered
promptly, "for which you, and you
alone, are responsible. Had you
paid heed to my supplications—had
you not persisted in your determina-
tion to murder Capt. Worthington in
this cold-blooded manner—I would
not have been driven to this extren-
ity to save the life of one who was
my childhood's friend and to save
your soul from black infamy."

Besmer bowed low. "A fair re-
tort," he observed; "one which but
equals in brilliancy all that falls from
your lips. Your piquancy of speech,
dear lady, has largely fixed me in my
determination to possess you for my
own. One need never fear an inspired
life when it is sauced by your tongue."

"Sir, you have heard my last condi-
tion. Do you accept it?"
"And you accept mine, I do."

CHAPTER XIII. A TEST.

When Besmer entered the dining-
room next morning his keen eye noted
Jane's absence. "Are we not to have
Miss Jane with us?" he asked, as he
and his officers seated themselves
at the breakfast-table.

"I know not what apology to make
for Jane," said her stepmother, "but
it seems she set out at dawn for one
of those horseback rides of which
she is so fond, and has not yet re-
turned. I doubt me not she will
come in at the tail end of the meal,
when all is cold, as is her wont."

But the meal drew to a close and
still no Jane appeared. Besmer's
brow, clear enough upon his entrance
into the room, grew creased, and
when his arrangements for depart-
ure were complete and still she had
not come he ill concealed his irrita-
tion. The reflection that Jane must
have known that he could not long

delay his departure from her father's
house, and the suspicion that she had
taken herself off for the very pur-
pose of depriving him of that solen-
nity to which, as her accepted lover, he
was entitled, was not pleasing.

When the troops rode out from the
Ellery place the mist of early morn-
ing in late summer filled the air. At
the head of the cavalcade rode Besse-
mer, and close beside him was the
prisoner, carried by a stout trooper
upon his horse. The American's
arms were tightly bound, while the
saber-cut upon his cheek showed livid
in the morning light.

Gradually the levelness of the way
was broken by low hills, and finally
the horsemen entered the mouth of a
great forest. The road dipped into a
hollow, and suddenly the trees burst
into sheets of flame. Horses reared
and plunged and went down, carrying
their riders with them.

The trooper who guarded Worthing-
ton was shot under him, and the
prisoner himself lay a helpless heap
upon the ground. Besmer's own
horse, an animal he loved dearly, had
been killed; and the British colonel,



"YOU TREACHEROUS VILLAIN!" HE
CRIED, UNSHEATHING HIS SWORD.

frenzied with mortification at the
completeness of the surprise, recover-
ed from the fall he had received to
find Worthington lying at his feet.

"You treacherous villain!" he cried,
unsheathing his sword, he was about
to run him through, when his eyes
met those of Lieut. Ellery.

Edward, shot through the arm, had
been unable to control his plunging
steed and was dismounted, falling
with his head against the trunk of a
tree. Stunned, his brain just clear-
ing when his gaze encountered that
of his colonel. Besmer could not
say that the young man's eyes
pleaded for the life of his old play-
mate, yet there was that in them
which reminded the Englishman too
much of Jane not to make his arm
waver.

In calling Worthington a treacher-
ous villain, a term which scarce ap-
plied to one who had ever been an
open enemy, his mind had been filled
with surmises of Jane's treachery.
Might it not be that her morning ride
was for the very purpose of gather-
ing this band of Americans to rescue
her lover? Might not the whole am-
bushade be of her planting? But
with Edward's face, the picture of her
own, before him such thought melted.
Nay, he could not believe her guilty
of such disloyalty. Surely, the dan-
ger of imperiling her brother, if no
other consideration, would have
stayed her. With his returning belief
in her memory of her promise, and
he put aside his sword.

"Your horse, Edward," he said; for
Edward's mount, reared from a colt
upon his father's plantation and ever
the young man's pet, having succeed-
ed in throwing his master, was seized
with consternation and now stood
with penitent, drooped head. Besse-
mer vaulted into the empty saddle,
and was soon reorganizing his de-
moralized troops—encouraging, revil-
ing, inspiring.

As his back was turned two figures
darted from behind trees, seized
Worthington and made their way
boldly towards a thicket from whence
the shots came heaviest. The kid-
naping of the prisoner had not been
unnoticed, but those redcoats who
sought to interfere found themselves
the special targets of the finest
marksmen in the world.

The fire slackened, the assailants
were drawing off. Sensing this, the
British began to beat the bushes for
their retiring foe. Besmer divided
his forces and sent part of them, un-
der his Lieutenant-Colonel Turner
with Edward as guide, to the east-
ward, while he himself set out in the
opposite direction. The way he had
chosen was that which would lead
him past the Ellery place, and he
was prompted to this course by a
remark of Edward's that morning
that he supposed Jane had gone to
her Aunt Susannah's on her ride, else
she would have been back in time for
breakfast. With the escape of the
prisoner from his clutches, the En-
glishman's suspicion of Jane had re-
turned, and bitterly he regretted
now that he had not killed the Amer-
ican while he had him in his power.
As he rode towards the plantation a
determination fixed itself in his mind,
and he but needed Jane there to put
it into execution.

War had played sad havoc with the
Ellery place. The mansion-
house had been burned by British
and Tories some months before, while
the once fertile fields lay neglected
and untended. Mrs. Ellery now oc-
cupied the cottage of the overseer,
himself away in the army with his
employer. Breakfast was just over,
and Jane and her aunt still lingered
at the table. The temptation to pour
into her aunt's sympathetic ear the

tale of last night's adventures and of
the culminating bargain was not to
be resisted. As they sat at the table
they discussed.

"Marry Besmer?" Mrs. Ellery
cried. "Bind yourself for life to a
man who could exact such a promise
from you? Never!"

"Dear aunt, I must," Jane answer-
ed. "There is no loophole of escape.
My word is out. Remember, no Ellery
ever breaks his word or hers."

"Neither are the Ellerys wont to
make alliance with scoundrels," her
aunt retorted. "Marry him I say you
shall not!" She brought her fist
upon the table with an emphasis
which caused the aristocratic old
china, saved from the wreckage of
her home, to utter a refined protest
against such rude vehemence.

Jane pushed back her chair and
rose. "I must away home," she said.
"I doubt me not my stepmother is
in hysterics by now with anxiety as
to my whereabouts."

"Nonsense, child. You are not half
rested. Nay, stay you here and I will
have Sam put up your horse and get
out Black Nan to go himself to your
father's with a message that you are
here."

Headless of Jane's protest, she
bustled onto the porch. A glance
down the road, visible from the van-
tage-point, caused her to fling up her
hands in consternation and hasten
back to her niece.

"Jane," she exclaimed in an agi-
tated tone, "who think you is gallop-
ing up the road, making straight for
here? That wretch Besmer, look-
ing like a bantam rooster astride a
big gray horse."

"Coming here? Are you sure? I
cannot, I will not see him."

"He has his men with him, so may-
hap he is not going to stop; but keep
you in the house, and I will dispatch
him speedily."

She returned to the porch. Scarce
had she taken up her position when
Besmer came in sight. Jane's horse,
the sleek chestnut which was her
favorite, did not escape his eye. With
a word of command to his officers, he
threw himself from his horse and
strode through the gate to the front
porch, at the top of whose steps Mrs.
Ellery stood.

"Ah, colonel, good-morning," said
the lady condescendingly. "Tis long
since I have had the pleasure of wel-
coming you to my home."

It could not be said that her wel-
come the only other time he had
visited her had been friendly. It was
upon the occasion of the burning of
her house, an event which both re-
membered.

"Will you not be seated here upon
my good settee?" she proceeded. "I
find the spot it occupies a most shady
and restful one at this time in the
morning, and it would feel honored
to hold so brave a gentleman."

(To Be Continued.)

A DANGEROUS CONDITION.

As Expressed in Unique Phrase by
Famous Author Under Dis-
couraging Circumstances.

In one of the letters of James
Russell Lowell he describes an un-
successful speech he had made at a
banquet in New York, explaining the
circumstances that discouraged him,
and adding that as a result, he
"slumped into his temperament."
The phrase describes a condition
of affairs not confined, unfortunately
to men of genius, says Youth's Com-
panion. Few of us are so happy as
to possess temperaments of such
sunny and equable fiber that we
could not slump into them if we
would. There are days—we all know
them—when we do not even want
to resist our temperaments, but igno-
miniously surrender ourselves to the
blues or laziness or our besetting
tempter of whatever name.

Human nature sympathizes with
the good boy of the school, who, hav-
ing astounded his teacher by a day
of uncheeked badness, exclaimed
defiantly:

"Everybody's got to be bad once
in a while!"

One of the heroic figures of life is
that of John Richard Green, the
historian, fighting down his discour-
agement, and keeping himself alive
two years longer than the physicians
had thought possible, for the sake of
his work and his wife. When he felt
his depression coming upon him, he
would ask for a "stiff book"—some-
thing to set his teeth into.

When he went to Italy for his
health, and was overtaken there by
the bitterest winter of the century,
he used to sit shivering before the
empty hearth and gaily pretend that
there was a glowing fire there,
getting, as his biographer declared,
"an extraordinary amount of gaiety
from playing at being gay."

It was no gift, this brave, pathetic
laughter in the face of death; it was
a hard-won achievement, the result
of the daily practice of his own pre-
cept:

"Drill your thoughts; shut out the
gloomy and call in the bright."

A PNEUMONIC COLD.

Dean Farrar has related this story.
"At one small public dinner at which
I met Charles Dickens I was struck
with his civility to an absent friend.
Mr. Sims Reeves had been announce-
d to sing at the dinner, and, as hap-
pened not infrequently, Mr. Sims
Reeves had something the matter
with his throat and was unable to
be present. Dickens announced this
and the statement was received with
a general laugh of incredulity. This
made Dickens, who was in the club,
very angry and he manfully upbraid-
ed his friend. 'My friend, Mr. Sims
Reeves,' he said, 'regret his inability
to fulfill his engagement, owing,' he
added with great severity, 'to an un-
fortunately amusing and high-
falootin' cold!'"

The Kirkville School For Boys and Girls

G. P. Simmons, Principal. Mark S. Peckham, Asst. Prin.
Miss Ada Allen, Prin. Dept. of Music.

Incidental Fees

All Grades, 50 cents per Term. All fees Payable in Advance.

Tuition Fees

B. Primary	\$10 00 per Term
A. Primary and B. Grammar	15 00 "
A. Grammar	15 00 "
High School	20 00 "
Department of Music, Includ- ing Instruments for Practice	20 00 "

Enrollment last year 101. We expect to increase it largely this
year. Our teachers are competent and up-to-date. Remember, before
deciding what school you will patronize, that Kirkville has four
churches and NO SALOONS. We solicit patronage from people
who wish their children controlled and no others. Boarding can be
secured at following rates:

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Has world-wide fame for marvellous
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tions; infallible for Piles. Cure
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In the last analysis nobody knows,
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trouble. Dr. King's New Life Pills
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Bedridden, alone and destitute.
Such, in brief was the condition of an
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troubled with Kidney disease and
neither doctors nor medicines gave
him relief. At length he tried Elec-
tric Bitters. It put him on his feet
in short order and now he testifies,
"I'm on the road to complete recov-
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Kidney troubles and all forms of
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Time Table in Effect May 1, 1904

Going North.	Train 4, Daily
Leave Berea.....	3:48 a. m.
Arrive Richmond.....	4:12 a. m.
Arrive Paris.....	5:28 a. m.
Arrive Cincinnati.....	7:50 a. m.

Going South.	Train 1, Daily
Leave Berea.....	11:11 p. m.
Arrive Livingston.....	2:05 p. m.

Going South.	Train 5, Daily
Leave Berea.....	11:24 p. m.
Arrive Livingston.....	12:30 a. m.

Trains No. 1 and No. 5 make con-
nection at Livingston for Jellico and
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Everything is in the name when it
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DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered
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I do work for most prominent
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One of the most remarkable cases of
a cold, deep-seated on the lungs,
causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs.
Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind.,
who was entirely cured by the use of
One Minute Cough Cure. She says:
"The coughing and straining so
weakened me that I ran down in
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remedy cured me entirely of the
cough, strengthened my lungs and
restored me to my normal weight,
health and strength." Sold by East
End Drug Co.

The Home

JENNIE LESTER HILL, Editor

Thar's More in the Man Than Thar is in the Land.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

I knowed a man, which he lived in Jones, Which Jones is a country of red hills and stones, And he lived pretty much by gittin' of loans, And his mules was nothin' but skin and bones, And his hogs was as fat as his corn-bread bones, And he had 'bout a thousand acres o' land.

This man—which his name was also Jones— He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones, Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yallerish cotton, And little o' that and his fences was rotten, And what little corn he had, hit was boughten, And dinged of a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got, And he bris and he walked to the stable lot, And he hollered to Tom to come thar and hitch Fur to emigrate somewhar, where land was rich, And to quit raisin' cock-burs, thistles, and sich, And a wassin' ther time on the cussed land, So him and Tom they hitched up the mules, Farterst in that folks was mighty big fools, That 'ud stay in Georgy ther lifetime out, Jest scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought Git places in Texas whar cotton would sprout By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown Was a livin' not far from the edge of the town, And he bantered Brown fur to buy his place, And said that bein' as money was scarce, And bein' as sheriffs was hard to face, Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents, And Jones he bought him a waggin, and tents, And loaded de corn, and his wimmen, and truck, And moved to Texas, which it tuck His entire pile, with the best of luck, To git thar and git him a little land, But Brown moved out on the old Jones' farm, And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm And he picked all the rocks off'n the ground, And he rooted it up and plowed it down, Then he sowed his corn and wheat in the land, Five years gild by and Brown one day, (Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh,) Was a settin' down sorter lazily, To the bulleest dinner you ever did see, When one of the children jumped up on his knee

And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standin' out at the fence, And he hadn't no waggin, nor mules, nor tents, Fur he had left Texas afoot, and cum To Georgy to see if he couldn't git sum Employment, and he was a lookin' as humble As ef he had never owned any land, But Brown he axed him in, and he sot Him down to his vittles smokin' hot, And when he had filled himself and the floor Brown looked at him sharp and rich and swore That "whether men's land was rich or poor Thar was more in the man than thar was in the land."

The School

JOHN WIRT DINSMORE, Editor

Gems In Verse

Love.

Let me but love my love without disguise, Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new, Nor wait to speak till I can hear a caw, Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes, Nor bow my knees to what my heart de- nies;

But what I am, to that let me be true, And let me worship whate'er my love is due, And so through love and worship let me rise,

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst To be completely known and all forgiven; Even as sinful souls that come to heaven, So take me, love, and understand my worst,

And pardon it, for love, because con- fessed, And let me find in thee, my love, my best.

—Henry Van Dyke in Outlook.

He Was Our Father's Darling.

He was our father's darling, A bright and happy boy; His life was like a summer's day Of innocence and joy.

His voice, like singing waters, Fell softly on the ear, So sweet that hurrying echo Might linger long to hear.

He was our mother's cherub, Her life's untarnish'd light, Her blessed joy by morning, Her vision'd hope by night.

His eyes were like the day beams That brighten all below, His ringlets like the gather'd gold Of sunset's gorgeous glow.

He was our sister's plaything, A happy child of glee, That frolic'd on the parlor floor, Soe higher than our knee.

His joyous bursts of pleasure Were wild as mountain wind, His laugh the free unfetter'd laugh Of childhood's chainless mind.

He was our brothers' treasure, Their bosom's only pride; A fair depending blossom, By their protecting side;

A thing to watch and cherish, With varying hopes and fears, To make the slender trembling reed Their staff for future years.

He is a blessed angel; His home is in the sky; He shines among those living lights Beneath his Maker's eye.

A freshly gather'd lily, A bud of early doom, Hath been transplanted from the earth To bloom beyond the tomb.

—Catherine H. Estlin.

To a Child.

If by any device or knowledge The rosebud its beauty could know It would stay a rosebud ever, Nor into its fullness grow.

And if thou couldst know thy own sweet- ness, O little one perfect and sweet, Thou wouldst be a child forever, Completer while incomplete.

—Francis T. Palgrave

JAPS RETREATED.

Battalion of the Mikado's Troops Attacked a Regiment of Russian Cossacks.

FIRING LASTED UNTIL NIGHTFALL.

The Russians Were Reinforced and the Japanese Were Repulsed at All Points and Dispersed.

A Russian Patrol Discovered Tawang-hau Pass Occupied by 200 Chinese Bandits Under the Command of Japanese Officers.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 5.—The war office has received the following dispatch from Gen. Sakaroff, dated October 30:

"At dawn of October 1 a squadron of Japanese cavalry twice attempted to break through the line of advance posts of Cossacks of the guard in the district between Khuankhunda and Fengtiapu. Both attempts were unsuccessful. Two squadrons of our cavalry reinforced the advance posts and the Japanese dispersed.

"Towards noon the same day one battalion of the Japanese advance guard with two or three squadrons of cavalry of the Japanese advance guard with two or three squadrons of cavalry, renewed the offensive movement against a regiment of Cossacks. The firing lasted until nightfall. Gen. Mistchenko sent reinforcements to the aid of the Cossacks and towards evening the enemy was repulsed at all points, the whole line retreating towards Sialonkhetzy, pursued by our cavalry.

"Capt. Tolstoukine, commander of a sotnia, ambushed one of the enemy's patrols at Konschutzky. One Japanese officer was killed.

"In the positions abandoned by the Japanese our Cossacks found a number of cartridges and medical stores, and also a few dead horses. We had two officers and two Cossacks wounded. The same day a Japanese force of one battalion and a half and a squadron of cavalry attacked in three divisions our outposts between the Hun river and the railway. Towards evening this movement was checked with the help of another company, which reinforced the outpost. One Cossack was killed and one wounded.

"One Russian patrol dispersed two Japanese patrols in the vicinity of Tehjanton, on the right bank of the Hun river, taking three Japanese prisoners.

"Another Russian patrol, sent in an easterly direction, discovered Tawang-hau Pass occupied by 200 Chinese bandits, commanded by Japanese officers. During the reconnaissance one Cossack was killed."

Tokio, Oct. 5.—The following official report has been issued:

"The Manchurian headquarters reports by telegraph that a body of scouts sent by our advance detachment on October 2, consisting of a company of infantry and a troop of cavalry, attacked and routed a detachment of the enemy's cavalry, 60 strong, occupying Paoshington, 13 miles north of Liao Yang, and nine miles west of the Mukden road. While further reconnoitering in the vicinity a force of Russian cavalry, 230 strong, attacked the Japanese scouts. After fighting for some time the Japanese returned. The enemy's loss was about 30. We sustained no casualties.

"The state of affairs at the front of our army remains unchanged."

BARTHOLOI DEAD.

The Famous Sculptor of "Liberty Enlightning the World" Passes Away.

Paris, Oct. 5.—Frederick Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor, died at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning.

His American works, besides the statue of Liberty, include the figures of Washington and Lafayette decorating the Place des Etats Unis here, the Bartholdi fountain, in the botanical garden at Washington and the bronze group of the Leisures of Peace, in New York.

The Temps, of which Bartholdi was one of the directors, says the death of Bartholdi and Gerome removes the greatest of modern sculptors and relates how Bartholdi's statue of Liberty was the Apotheosis of France's role since the revolution, which led the French government to offer the statue to the sister republic as a pledge of fraternal devotion to Liberty.

Chinese Fighting With the Japs. London, Oct. 5.—According to the Morning Post's correspondent at Mukden Chinese bandits, organized into regular troops, are fighting daily side by side with the Japanese on their west flank south of Simlitan.

The Report Discredited.

Tokio, Oct. 5.—The navy department discredits the report that the Russian cruisers Rossia, Gromobol and Bogatyr have been repaired at Vladivostok and are about to descend for another raid on the Japanese coast.

Japs Preparing For the Defensive. Berlin, Oct. 5.—Col. Gaedke, the Tageblatt's correspondent in the far east, telegraphs from Mukden that the Japanese apparently are no longer advancing, but are preparing for defensive operations.

May Not Race Again.

New York, Oct. 5.—Chaufeur, a colt for which John A. Drake paid \$25,000, injured himself in an exercise gallop at Morris Park and veterinarians say he will never race again.

Yellow Flat's Heiress

By HARRISON SMITH

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The Interstate limited had rumbled along for the last hour and a half across brown, level plains, whose hopeless homogeneity of landscape was only occasionally relieved by clumps of dejected and no less hopeless cotton-woods. Presently the whistle tooted hoarsely. There was a grinding of set brakes, and the train slowed down and came to a stop before a bare little station, a derelict seemingly in this level waste.

Tancred rose rather unwillingly from his comfortable chair and, preceded by the obsequious porter bearing his heavy suit case, stepped from the limited on to the uneven board platform of Yellow Flat station. He looked about him, and his heart sank. The porter beside him seemed to him the representative of a civilization that would depart when the limited pulled out. So Tancred gave the porter a half dollar and stood watching the receding train with a feeling that he had been marooned.

There was one consolation, however. He could finish up the business which had brought him hither in a day or two and quit this desolation. A week of this flat nothingness he felt would drive him mad. He sought the station agent and inquired of him the best way to reach Tapley's ranch. The agent hailed a nondescript individual addressed as Jock, who was loafing on the benches, and asked him what he could do for this gentleman, who wanted to get to Tapley's.

"Old man Tapley at the 4X?" said Jock. "Sure! Drop you there on my way to the Crescent." He led the way to a vehicle outside, half wagon, half buckboard. "Hop in," he said hospitably.

Jock clucked to his team, and they jolted over the brown plains behind a pair of piebald ponies whose chief accomplishment seemed to lie in whisking their tails over the lines and running like mad. Jock was not loquacious.



SUCH A GIRL AT YELLOW FLAT FAIRLY TOOK AWAY HIS BREATH.

clous, and Tancred was in no mood to talk. Frankly he wished the thing was over and that he was starting back east.

He fell to wondering what sort of a girl this niece of Tapley's was like. Probably she was old and more or less of a barbarian or perhaps she was the sort who would say, "Oh, ain't that lovely!" when he told her his late client, the Hon. Peter Chisholm, had left her a fortune that had been the envy of many scheming women in the cycle of the unmarried Peter's acquaintance. Jock here beside him could probably enlighten him as to Miss Parsons, but it was scarcely worth while. She was some quite impossible person no doubt. He handed Jock a cigar and put the whole thing from his mind.

It was gray twilight when they drove up to the ranch house at the 4X. Tancred alighted and was warmly welcomed by Tapley.

"I don't care a snap of my fingers what business it is that has brought you," he said to Tancred. "You're to stay just as long as you can stand it with us, and a little longer if you have any charity for isolated old chaps like myself," he added hospitably. "A man in touch with things in the east is a godsend, sir. Supper will be ready shortly, and meanwhile Gertrude shall give you some tea. Pardon me a moment, and I'll hunt her up."

The room they had entered evidently served as a library. Books lined the walls, tempting chairs offered their comfort, skin rugs covered the polished floor. It was quiet and in excellent taste. Tancred's misgivings about the lady were somewhat mitigated.

At that moment Tapley returned. "Mr. Tancred," he said, "permit me to present the lady whose business brought you here, my niece, Miss Parsons."

Tancred bowed and murmured his greetings somewhat incoherently, for surprise had tied his tongue. Had he met her on Broadway he would have looked at her more than once, but finding such a girl at Yellow Flat fairly took away his breath.

"Won't you let me take away the

bad taste of your ride with some tea?" she asked solicitously.

Tancred acquiesced heartily and seated himself near the dainty tea table where she was busying herself.

"Twenty-two," he told himself mentally, "and the finest eyes in America." In that half hour at the tea table Tancred fell in love, and, having fallen in love, the object of his coming here intruded itself like a black cloud in the fair sky of his happiness. This girl was an heiress. It was this he had come to tell her. And Tancred, albeit a sturdy young lawyer, was by no means wealthy. He suddenly resolved to let the fortune remain in the background for a week at least. He would be unreservedly happy for that time, and then—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he told himself.

"Cousin Peter couldn't have left me much," said Miss Parsons.

"No," said Tancred, carrying out his resolution. "I'll go over the papers carefully, and in a week's time I think I can tell you the exact amount."

A week went by—two weeks—a month. Still the exact amount of Cousin Peter's legacy was not vouchsafed to Miss Parsons. She seemed to have found a richer legacy in her rides with Tancred across the brown plains and her talks with him before the library fire. Uncle Tapley looked on with happy approval.

"They're thoroughbreds—a fine pair," he told himself often and with much satisfaction.

It was at the end of the sixth week of his stay at the 4X ranch that Tancred—after a night of sleepless agony resolved to terminate the pangs of conscience which were beginning to trouble him seriously. They had ridden that morning to a group of wells on the northern border of the ranch. The air was crisp and clear, and Miss Parsons, with eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow from the ride, was doubly charming.

Tancred's mind reverted to that afternoon when he had stood on the platform of the Yellow Flat station.

"I felt as if I were marooned," he told himself, "and I was marooned—in paradise."

He squared his shoulders and turned to the girl.

"I'm going back tomorrow," he said, with quiet force.

"Tomorrow?" The consternation in her voice set his heart thumping, but he went on calmly.

"Yes; tomorrow. You and I are very far apart." His voice had a note of sadness.

"Are we very far apart?" she said, looking away.

"Three hundred thousand dollars," he said.

"I—I don't think I understand you," she said, regarding him with wondering eyes.

"Cousin Peter is responsible," he observed.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Was it all that?"

"Yes," he said. "You understand, of course, why I go?"

She was silent. Her face was turned from him again. Presently he caught the sound of a sob.

"Miss Parsons—Gertrude!" he cried, and—such are resolutions—he put his arm about her.

"I'll—I'll give it away," she said, sobbing unreservedly on his shoulder.

And because of this, brown, bare Yellow Flat became the garden of Eden—to Tancred, at least.

Three Poems.

Poems are of three kinds—magazine poems, tone poems and gowns.

Magazine poems have distinct raisons d'être. There is always unconscious idiosyncrasy seeking expression. Besides, the space between stories is often too large for a tall piece and too small for an illustration, whereupon it is a poem or nothing, and nothing, while it has its points of superiority, is typographically ineffective.

A tone poem is the Pierian spring escaping through a slide trombone, with any kind of a seat, at \$5.

In the opinion of some sober critics gowns are quite as dithyrambic in form as they would be had Walt Whitman been a milliner. They follow no rule of construction further than that they look best on women who can least afford them.

Poem was originally a Greek word, meaning merely a thing made. A thing made to order is a later significance.—Life.

A Substitute For Images.

Members of the Greek church of Russia, where images are forbidden, have resorted to what an unfriendly critic has described as an ingenious evasion of an ecclesiastical prohibition. They do not carve a figure out of marble or shape it in bronze, but they paint the face, hands and perhaps the feet of a saint on wood and form the robes by means of metal work in relief. The nimbus of the saint is not infrequently enameled and in some cases the drapery is studded with precious stones, but bejeweled icons of any real value are not, as a rule, to be found in churches, though sometimes images are covered with glass to protect them from the kisses of those who come to pray before them.

What an "Old Man Kangaroo Mile" Is

What is an "old man kangaroo mile"? The expression was used by the premier of Victoria in a recent speech, and one of the reporters subsequently asked him what it meant. "Well, you see," he replied, "an ordinary English mile is 1,760 yards; an old man kangaroo mile would be about 500 yards extra." The old man kangaroo is the biggest and most powerful of the marsupials, and it can cover a mile very rapidly with tremendous jumps. A race between an old man kangaroo and a motor car would be worth seeing if it were possible to arrange and carry out such a contest.—London Chronicle.

GOOSEBERRY

(Original.)

"I don't believe that."

"I will prove it to you, sir."

"Bess," snapped the first speaker, "are there any gooseberries in the house?"

"We're to have gooseberry pie for dinner, father. Mother made one yesterday."

"All right," said the father. "You can prove it at the table."

It is a well known fact that certain vegetables are poison to certain people. Frank Andrews had told Mr. Dutton that he could not eat gooseberries without producing a rash on his body. Frank and Bessie Dutton were devoted to each other, and her father, who wished to dispose of her hand to suit himself, was annoyed at the situation. During dinner he sat without speaking, now and again casting dissatisfied glances at his daughter and her lover till the dessert was brought on. Frank ate a large piece of gooseberry pie, and in less than half an hour a rash began to come out first on his arm, then on his neck and face.

"Singular," said Mr. Dutton thoughtfully. "I wouldn't have believed it."

"I am sorry, sir," replied the young man, "that I can't as readily satisfy you as to the truth of all my statements. I wish I could prove Mr. Crosby Cotton a humbug. I would gladly suffer the discomfort of the rash to do so."

Now, the man Mr. Dutton had picked out for his daughter was this same Crosby Cotton, who had returned to the east from the far west with a fortune. He was not a refined man, and Bessie Dutton detested him. Her father was not quite satisfied that Cotton was as rich as he pretended to be, and this, with Bessie's repugnance, had delayed him in forcing the match.

Cotton in order to inspire confidence gave a dinner to a number of his friends, the Duttons being present; also their especial friend, Frank Andrews. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton had always lived very plainly and were people to be easily impressed with a little display.

When the dinner came off it appeared to Mr. Dutton that the host's great wealth had been lavishly used to set a splendid table. Frank Andrews, who was more used to dinner parties, noticed that the chicken salad was made of veal, and a fillet de sole was concocted of a very ordinary fish called a flounder. But he made no comments, nor could he very well do so to his friends, the Duttons, because he was not placed beside them at table.

It was evident that Mr. Dutton was very much impressed with the entertainment. The host sat at the head of the table, his red face glowing. On his right sat Mr. Dutton, on his left Mrs. Dutton, and next to her father sat Miss Dutton, casting longing eyes at Frank, who was placed at the other end of the table, but opposite. With the soup was served a white wine, which Andrews tasted and pronounced "California;" then a red wine, which he sipped and pronounced also "California;" then a sherry, which he sipped and pronounced also "California." Nevertheless he held his peace. He cast occasional glances at the other end of the table and saw that the host was rolling his wine under his tongue and smacking his lips, at the same time exulting on its merits to Mr. Dutton.

"This chablis," he said, "I imported myself from Paris. The claret I procured from the stock of a French connoisseur in wines who lived in Bordeaux. Fortunately I was on hand when his wines were sold and put \$1,000 in a hundred bottles. The sherry I bought in Lisbon. But don't waste your taste on these. We'll have some champagne presently, the celebrated Champagne Rosa, which was made in 1850. I bought it right out of the cellar where it had lain fifty years."

Frank Andrews was beginning to boil with indignation. It was perfectly plain to him that the man was playing on the inexperience in such matters of his guest as well as his credulity and was succeeding to his heart's content. For Mr. Dutton was all smiles, thinking how nice it would be to marry his daughter to this nabob and live on such meat and drink for the rest of his life.

Finally there was a popping of corks, followed by a delicious gurgle, and foaming champagne was in the glasses. The host held his glass by its slender stem between his thumb and forefinger, bowed to Mr. Dutton, then to the rest, and the nectar was quaffed. Frank Andrews tasted of the wine and set his glass down with a frown. Indeed the effort to capture the father of Bessie Dutton by such cheap means, together with certain admiring looks of the host to the young lady, had finally excited Andrews to the point of explosion. But there was another reason why he did not like the champagne.

Mr. Dutton's cheeks were beginning to get rosy, his tongue a trifle thick, while his lips were parted in a satisfied smile. Mrs. Dutton was complimenting the host on the sumptuousness of his feast, especially the variety of his wines. Then when for a moment the ripple of chat lulled something happened. Frank Andrews was observed holding up his arm, which he had bared to the elbow, and displaying it to the assembled company.

"Gooseberry!" he cried.

There, true enough, was the rash of the gooseberry, and the Dutton family knew that instead of champagne they had been drinking gooseberry wine.

How the dinner ended was not reported, but Crosby Cotton did not marry Bessie Dutton, and Frank Andrews was the happy man who finally led her to the altar. Cotton's wealth turned out to be in air castles.

WILLARD CLIFFORD IRVING.

SHOWING OFF CHILDREN.

It Is Very Apt to Breed Vanity and Self-Consciousness.

The writer considers showing off a child's accomplishments a very hazardous thing to do.

"We should all of us soon become sorry prigs if we accustomed ourselves to exhibit our latest acquisitions every time someone appeared who was not acquainted with them."

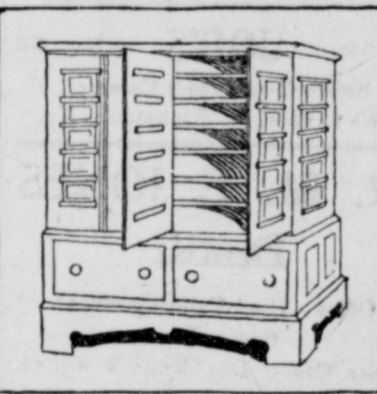
"The temptation is almost too great a one, it is true, to ask the happy papa and mamma to resist. That the baby who a few months ago could hardly speak at all should now be able to repeat rhyme after rhyme of the classic Mother Goose is certainly a very wonderful thing, and it is very hard for the happy parents to realize that it is a miracle which has taken place sooner or later with every sometime baby in the land."

"But if the little songs must be repeated for company it makes a great difference with what motive the child is led to go through with them. If you say to him, 'Wouldn't you like to tell this lady about the poor little pussy cat who fell into the well?' it may happen that we can get it out without having any other feeling aroused than one of friendly human sympathy, but if you say, 'Come and let this lady see how well you can say "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,"' you give him a distinct and too easily learned lesson in vanity and self-consciousness."—St. Louis Republic.

LINEN CUPBOARD.

A Handy Piece of Furniture That Takes Up Little Room.

Every housewife feels it her duty to have a linen cupboard, and where space is at a premium and the spacious cupboards that were the delight of the grandmothers of the present generation are out of the question, a specially constructed cabinet serves admirably for a substitute. Such a cupboard



HANDY LINEN CUPBOARD.

is the one here shown, fashioned of English walnut and cedar and distinguished for its simplicity. It is scarcely five feet in height, the soft coloring of the unpainted walnut being so unobtrusive as to harmonize excellently with ordinary modern furnishings. The trays of Lebanon cedar are so constructed that each draws out upon a ledge fixed to the inside of the cupboard doors. For the mistress of a cottage or for the city apartment such a cupboard is certain to prove a boon and a joy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

To Improve the Skin.

One means of improving the skin is to prepare a mixture of fine oatmeal and distilled water. Make this the consistency of thick cream and, having dabbed it all over the face, rub it till it rolls off in dry flakes. Whatever the plan decided upon great care must be taken to remove all traces of the oatmeal from the eyebrows and the roots of the hair, where it is apt to clog and remain in that unpleasant condition. In the massage treatment the oatmeal course comes after that of massage with cold cream and before the final course, consisting of a spray with a good astringent lotion, which should be allowed to dry into the skin. The lotion tones up the cuticle after the steaming and massage process. Toilet vinegar is an excellent astringent, and another is composed of one pint of elder flower water, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin and ten drops of tincture of myrrh.

State Bread.

If properly treated state bread may be kept for years, always ready for instant use, says a writer in What to Eat. As the scraps of bread, biscuit, cake and crackers accumulate save them in a dust proof bag or any other receptacle that will keep them without attracting mold. When enough is collected to fill a baking pan of large size put them in it, set in the oven and allow them to stay there till toasted crisp. While yet warm put them in a cloth bag or on the molding board and beat or roll until reduced to wheat grain size. Put through the flour sieve and keep the meal in a tin box or in whatever one uses for holding bread trimmers and the grains in another. The success of the process depends upon toasting the scraps sufficiently without burning.

Fruitful Suggestions.

A good salad accompaniment to a heavy dinner is one made of dates and oranges served on lettuce leaves. The dates should be stoned and sprinkled lightly with sugar and the oranges cut into small pieces. Pour over this the juice of an orange, with a tablespoon of chopped parsley and a dash of red pepper.

In the land of oranges they have a delightful way of serving the fruit. It is peeled down to the bottom as one would pare an apple, leaving a sort of disk at the end of the peel. Then a fork is plunged through the remaining skin to the depth of the times. The fruit is eaten from the fork. It is delicious this way, but of course one needs a finger bowl after the process.—Exchange.

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Why the Jap Has the Best of Us in Clothes

By KATHERINE POPE,
Author of "Letters of a Happy Poor Woman," Etc.

THE Jap is so much to the fore these days, one hesitates to add to the already fulsome praise. It would seem the popular belief that the Jap can do no wrong, and when this point is reached we may be sure ere long the fickle public will be ready to topple over the pedestal and seek a new hero. Let us hasten then, before satiety is reached, to add our mite to the tribute.

For years we have been more or less associated with Japanese, and have observed with interest their manners and habits. With interest and often with envy have we observed them; comparing certain features of their daily life to the white man's ideas on the same matters. In dress particularly we are worlds apart; and the Jap, especially in summer, has the best of us. We grant that his costume does not meet all the requirements of perfect dress, does not quite attain to the utility-comfort-beauty ideal, but hold that it does surpass our own in at least the two respects of ease and healthfulness. As for us Americans and Europeans, we wear garments of such superfluity and tightness it is a burden to put them on, a burden to carry them about, a weariness to take them off. Every morning before we can begin the day's work, we must handle and don a multiplicity of clothing, fasten a more or less complex harness, get into underdress and overdress. Not so the Jap. He arises in the morning to throw on a single delightfully loose, delightfully cool garment; secures a sash about his waist, and behold he is dressed! Could the task possibly be reduced to simpler terms?

When he goes upon the street he merely puts his foot into a sandal waiting outside the door and starts forth—his head unburdened with stiff, hard derby, with hot woolly Fedora, with silk monstrosity; or, if it be Mrs. Jap, her head free of pulling, pricking hatpins, no oppressive furbelows binding her brow. Surely, in the coolness and looseness, the costume is a very appropriate one for summer demands, much superior to our own.

To the Jap our costume must seem a veritable imprisoning case, not a protection so much as a discipline, a punishment. We do penance in our clothes, the Jap takes enjoyment in his. He is not bothered by them, they express suitability, from the light-weight parasol above his hatless head to the straw sandals on his unstockinged feet. No wonder he finds it such an easy matter to take a couple of baths a day, that he bathes so much oftener than the average clothes-encumbered white man.

To be sure, the scant skirt of the kimono impedes in walking, does not allow of our swinging step and long stride; but taken as a whole the kimono is a garment to be admired, to be copied.

Katherine Pope

Misguided Ambition

By REV. WILLIAM P. MERRILL,
Presbyterian Pastor of Chicago.

There are two important questions about possessions. They are: Why do you want them? How do you get them? We are always being exhorted to seek something great. "Aim high; if you shoot low." "Hit your wagon to a star," are samples of the proverbs urged upon us from our boyhood. Our very atmosphere in this land tends to foster ambition, desire to do and get something great.

It is well that it does. Next to selfishness laziness is probably the most universal vice. Yet there is a danger in pushing too far this tendency to seek something great. There are two questions we should always keep in mind in seeking any good thing. They are: Why do you want it? And how do you seek it? The worth of any possession is largely determined by our answers to them.

A man once asked for the finest and freest gift in the world, the gift of the Holy Spirit. And the apostle answered: "Thy money perish with thee." Why was such a request rejected with such scorn? Looking into the story in the eighth chapter of Acts we see that it was because of why he wanted it and how he tried to get it. His purpose and method were unworthy. He wanted it for selfish ends; he sought it in a law way.

There are many applications of this principle. Obviously it applies to the pursuit of wealth. Money—business success—is good. A man ought to seek it. But let him remember that the value of it will be largely determined by those two questions: Why does he want it? And how does he get it? Among the wealthy men and women in this country are some unhappy and mean specimens. For all their wealth we would not be like them. It is just because of their motive.

There are fortunes in this country smirched and stained till they are a shame, not an honor, by the answer to the question: How do they get them?

So it is with knowledge and power. The greatest contrast in history is that between the hero of France and the hero of America. Both sought power and influence. Washington wanted to be made commander-in-chief, and came to the session of congress in uniform as an intimation that he expected the appointment. Napoleon also wanted position and influence. See what came to the two men from that search. See what is made of their respective nations.

Jesus sought power and influence that he might serve and save men, and he refused to worship the evil one as the price of success. Which will you follow?

Modern Christianity

By REV. FRANK C. BRUNER.

The world seeks with gusto for modern things. New machinery soon discounts the engine of 20 miles an hour. The old way of doing things is discontinued. In religion we have had a great deal of back number demonstration. The worldward swing has been multitudinous. Such was the condition in the era of Enoch. Wickedness waxed great in the church. The theology maker was only an emasculated Christian. Amid the adverse religious environment was one up-to-date Christian. "Enoch walked with God."

This was one candle not burning dimly beneath a bushel. It has shot its rays athwart the centuries. The name of this religious light-shiner is significant. Old Hebrew names are full of meaning. Enoch meant "devotion." In other words, "consecration." He was God's hero in the march. The completeness of his life was well stored in the divine nature. His thoughts were in the world, but not of the world. All things with a practical side were his. He did business for the Lord with splendid effect; never considering what his neighbor would think, thinking only as to whether it would please God.

THE SUNDAY BIBLE SCHOOL

Lesson in the International Series
for October 9, 1904—"The Widow's Oil Increased."

(Prepared by the "Highway and Byway" Frencher.)
(Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Edson.)
LESSON TEXT.

(II. Kings 4:1-7; Memory verses, 5, 6.)
1. Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying: Thy servant my husband is dead; and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord; and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondmen.

2. And Elisha said unto her: What shall I do for thee? Tell me, what has thou in the house. And she said: Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house, save a pot of oil.

3. Then he said: Go, borrow three vessels abroad of all thy neighbors, even empty vessels; borrow not a few.

4. And when thou art come in, thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full.

5. So she went from him, and shut the door upon her and upon her sons, who brought the vessels to her; and she poured out.
6. And it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son: Bring me yet a vessel. And he said unto her: There is not a vessel more. And the oil stayed.

7. Then she came and told the man of God. And he said: Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Ps. 37:3.

TIME.—Uncertain; but within a short time after last lesson.

PLACE.—Uncertain; but perhaps one of the places where was a school of the prophets, either Gilgal, Bethel or Jericho.

HUMAN NEED AND DIVINE RESOURCES.

The Widow and Her Need. (V. 1.)—

What we know of the widow: (1) She was a Godly woman. I. Tim. 5:5 gives us a picture of the Godly widow. God holds such in special regard. (I. Tim. 5:3.) And one test of true religion is ministering to such in their need. (Jas. 1:27.) (2) Was known to Elisha. The faithful, God-fearing lives of both her husband and herself proved excellent capital on which to do business. Godliness does pay. (I. Tim. 4:8.) (3) Was in the clutches of the oppressive creditor. Affliction and misfortune are not always a sign of sin or folly. (John 9:1-3.) (4) Had two sons who in accordance with the custom of those days were to be taken to satisfy the debt. (Lev. 25:39. Matt. 18:25.) (5) Her need was urgent. "The creditor is come." The day of trouble is the day to pray. (Psalm 56:15.)

The Prophet and His Help (Vs. 2-4).—Two questions were asked by the prophet, "What shall I do for thee?" "What hast thou in the house?" (1) God always wants us to tell Him our desires. To tell God what we want, clarifies our vision, and strengthens our faith. (2) God always uses what we have, be it ever so little, as the medium of blessing.

Strange Instructions.—(1) Borrow empty vessels. (2) Shut herself and her sons in the house. (3) Pour out her little pot of oil and perhaps waste it. Surely, here was a test of faith. If the widow had been like most people seeking help, she would have had her own ideas as to methods. (1) May not the borrowing of empty vessels suggest the need of greater capacity. We need to be enlarged for more of God's fullness. (2) May not the shut door and the seclusion, teach us the need of getting alone with God where His blessing may descend upon us. (3) And may not the pouring out of the oil and its miraculous increase typify the multiplying of spiritual gifts and power as we pour out our hearts and our lives in behalf of needy souls all about us.

The Obedience and Its Reward (Vs. 5-7).—Unwavering faith and implicit obedience mark the conduct of the widow. The empty vessels were borrowed in the face, probably, of curious looks, and prying questions and sneers of ridicule. The door was closed, shutting herself and her sons away from all other earthly help and every moment the knock of the creditor was expected.

And what faith! Only the little pot of oil in hand, and the empty vessels on every hand. How seemingly impossible to fill them. But the pot of oil and the empty dishes were not all the widow had. She had the word of the prophet. And we have the word of God on which to depend. Let us lay hold of it as the widow did of the prophet's word, which was really the word of God spoken through His servant. That little pot of oil never ceased its outpouring stream of oil until every vessel was filled to the brim. That is the way God gives of His riches in Christ Jesus. Begin to pour out yourself in Christly ministry to others and while there is an empty vessel about you to fill, a need soul to help, the flow will not cease.

But what is she to do with the oil? The prophet did not tell her. She must go back and tell him of what had come to pass and ask him for further direction. Without question she has obeyed his instructions. She has gone as far as she can. Now for the next step. Here is a lesson for every Christian. True faith does not ask to see all the way. True faith goes straight ahead as far as the instructions will carry and then is time to go to God for the next step. The oil sold, the creditors paid, the future provided for was the reward of obedient faith and faithful obedience. How God always hears the cry of His children, and how certainly will He honor faith and obedience. The Psalmist's declaration in Ps. 37:25 finds illustration in this lesson.

The Quiet Hour.
Men seldom seek to dissect a religion until it is dead.

Seeds of sin must be judged by their sheaves of sorrow.

Its need of salvation is the secret of the world's sadness.

The really busy man always has more time than the man who only thinks he is busy.

It is not wise to put all your energies into working for old rebels to the neglect of new recruits.

One Father of all must mean one family for all.—Ram's Horn.



A LIFE TRAGEDY.

Money, Friends, Clubs, Wife and Children Dropped Away, But the Bottle Remained.

This is a true story, readers.

The writer first knew the man in London. He was successful, owned a bank, had a fine house in the city and another in the country, had horses and carriages and a promising family. He belonged to some of those clubs in which membership means cheap and desired distinction.

He had AMBITION. His friends predicted that his success and affluence would grow and his ambitions be realized as the years went by.

Among his other possessions, this man had one to which he attached, then, but slight importance. That was a bottle which was passed to him quite often by a solemn butler, who always brought with it a smaller bottle containing soda water.

The curious part of the story is that this man gradually lost all of the important things, all of those which he originally valued very highly, and that he never lost that one small, unimportant bit of property—the plain, black bottle of which, in the beginning, he thought so little.

The man was seen again the other day toward dusk on the sidewalk of a western city. It was difficult to recognize him, and he was evidently surprised that anyone should recognize him, and take the trouble to check him in his shuffling march.

His clothes were dirty and actually ragged. The brim of his hat was torn. His face was bloated, his look uncer-



BUT THE BOTTLE STAYED WITH HIM.
tain. His diffident, timid smile, with all the old self-reliance gone, was very pathetic.

The man told his story, and as he told it in a restaurant, after being asked to eat and drink, he whispered to the waiter: "A little whisky, please." And the waiter brought him that same dark bottle that had been brought him so often in the days of his prosperity.

The story that he told was his story, but it was not THE story.

The real story was very simple; you who read this can guess quite easily its main features, says the New York American. It is a story that you can read in the faces of men in every barroom, prison or poorhouse, in the faces of men that commit suicide, of those that commit murder, of others that shuffle along as this man shuffled—poor, heart-broken failures.

The man had gradually lost his mental keenness and capacity for business. Others got his banking business away from him.

BUT THE BOTTLE STAYED WITH HIM.

He gradually came to rely more and more upon it, and to value its companionship as his force of character diminished.

His friends left him, and he had to leave his clubs.

BUT THE BOTTLE STILL STUCK TO HIM. The dues that it claimed he paid faithfully. It was there at his elbow when his other friends had disappeared.

He lost his house in the city and his house in the country; but that bottle, which represented now his chief possession, was still with him.

His wife and his children had to go to those who could take care of them. But they did not take the bottle away with them. The wife had tried only too often to take away that bottle, but she had to leave it. She could take away the children—the law allowed her to do that. The sheriff could take away his horses and his carriages—the law allowed that. The governing committees could put him out of the clubs, and friends could take away his reputation and remaining chances of employment with a shake of the head.

BUT NO POWER ON EARTH AND NO LAW COULD TAKE AWAY THE BOTTLE; that stuck to him, and he stuck to it.

The man who had traveled with his bottle from success and fortune to ragged clothes and pathetic despair, ate his dinner and drank his whisky, and, with the drunkard's pitiful deception, said:

"I don't look like much, do I? I am afraid I have been drinking pretty hard since luck went against me. It is not many of my old friends that speak to me when they see me now."

Even then the poor man could not see that it was whisky which had turned fortune against him—not ill luck that had turned him to whisky.

Whisky conquers men by deceiving them, by encouraging them to think that their drunkenness is some one else's fault.

Years before this man had deceived himself when told by an anxious wife and friends that he must give up that bottle, or give up everything else.

And now that all but the bottle had gone, he still deceived himself into the belief that the bottle, which caused his misery, had come really as a friend at the end, as a solace in his misfortunes.

How great a benefit it would be if every young man in this country could have seen YEARS ago, and ONE WEEK ago, the whisky victim that is told about here.

It is hard for us to learn through the experience of others, but no man could fail to be impressed by this example.

The man once had everything that he wanted, and one thing that he did not want or need—the whisky bottle.

Had he given up that one unnecessary thing, he might have kept all the others, and the remaining years of his life might have been happy and useful.

But with the power of self-deception which that very bottle supplied to him, he clung to it to the end of his good fortune, and he will cling to it to the end of his life, unless a miracle of self-control should save him.

In mere selfishness and the desire for wealth, success and ease, there are to be found powerful temperance arguments. Young men must make up their minds, in this day of competition and of organized, exacting struggle, that a man who would go to the top must not try to carry that bottle with him.

But for the REAL man, the young man worthy the opportunities of modern life, the argument against whisky should be based, not on selfishness, but on a noble desire to be a useful and worthy human being.

Whisky takes away your money, your houses, your friends, your prospects of getting those things.

But it does worse than that. It takes away your manhood and your courage; it takes away your right to look other men in the eye, and your power to use the strength that nature has given to you.

Whisky destroys the will, and supplies the lying arguments with which its victims deceive themselves. It arouses the lowest instincts of vice and of dissipation, and chokes the possibility of progress toward better things.

If whisky controls you, you cannot be a MAN. Leave it alone.

CANDIES CONTAIN ALCOHOL

Confectionery Hand-Book Recipe Shows Use of Spirits in Composition of Different Sweets.

It is quite easy to absorb an appreciable amount of alcohol by means of the apparently innocent chocolate bean and the tempting fondant. Liqueurbeans and liqueur fondants are on sale at all the better class confectioners' in London.

In the question which was addressed to the chancellor of the exchequer it was assumed that the practice of making sweets containing a large percentage of proof spirit was confined to German and other continental manufacturers. Inquiries made recently went to prove that the practice is almost universal among English manufacturing confectioners.

The trade has never made any secret of the composition of these confections. In a popular confectionery hand book the following recipe is given for the making of superfine liqueur bonbons and fondants: "Take three parts of sugar and one part of spirits, such as brandy, rum, cognac, gin, or whisky." It is added that the liqueur should always be mixed with 10 per cent. of dissolved white gum.

In some sweets the spirit remains mixed with sugar; in others, by a peculiar method of manufacture, the spirit remains in the center in a liquid form. As a rule children do not buy these liqueur sweets, as they are expensive.

FACTS AND COMMENT.

Stupifies and besots.—Bismarck. The greatest enemy that labor has is the saloon.—American Issue.

One vision of its work would turn wine into wormwood.—Ram's Horn.

No man chooses to live with a saloon on one side of him and the Saviour on the other.—Ram's Horn.

When the professed Christians wink at an evil, the ungodly will close both eyes and let the work go on; and the devil will call both classes good fellows.

The Chesapeake & Ohio railway is to be added to those that do not permit an employee to visit a saloon, on or off duty. Business requires sobriety.

Mrs. Margaret Sherman, of Menominee, Mich., has brought suit for \$5,000 damages against Joseph Scholz saloonist, and his bondsmen, Ferdinand C. Nowack and Joseph Erditz, for selling liquor to her husband after being warned not to do so.

Guilty.

What a terrible arraignment against cigarettes is found in the following assertion made by Chief of Police Cleary, of Rochester: "Ninety per cent. of the young criminals we have to deal with follow the same road that leads inevitably to crime and prison. The path opens with idleness; ends behind prison bars. The sign posts along this road are cigarettes, dime novels, poolrooms, gambling and drink. This road brings them to burglary, breaking open slot machines, petty larceny and numerous other kinds of crime of a petty nature. As the youth matures, murder may be the end."

All Saloons Are Subway.

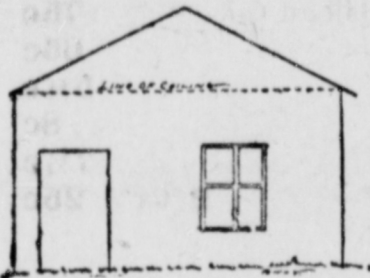
All saloons are subway, all lead down to death, and it does not matter in the least whether they are opened with prayer and closed with the Dogology, the results are just the same.—American Issue.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

FLAT CEILING THE THING.

How to Build a Chicken House That Is Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter.

There has been a good deal said about how chicken houses ought to be built. Just allow me to give our readers a few useful points regarding natural heat during cold winter months. A chicken house ought to have a flat ceiling, either tar papered or plastered, the walls, too. My reason for having a flat ceiling is, so that the natural warmth will be evenly distributed. Put up all the roosts that you have room for close to the ceiling—as chickens like to be well up—giving plenty of head room. Windows should only be half-way up the side of the building, as the glass is hard to heat. Don't give too much ventilation; two small holes up through the ceiling will be enough in the cold nights.—Henry Matthew, in Epitomist.



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THE MOLTING OF POULTRY

Process Was Hastened Successfully by the Experts at Rhode Island Experiment Station.

An interesting discussion is now going on among poultry raisers as to the possibility of hastening the molting of fowls. It has not been believed that any method except a steady feed of well-balanced rations would do this. There is an impression, however, that even this does not always hasten the desired period, as the egg laying period of the summer is sometimes extended by the high feeding, thus pushing the period of molting. Some one conceived the idea of starving the fowls long enough to stop the production of eggs and afterward so feeding that the formation of new feathers would be begun. It was reported that great results were obtained with this method. It does not appeal to reason very much, but the little experimenting that has been done to discover what there is in it has given results favorable to the method. At the Rhode Island experiment station last year fowls that were laying were deprived of feed on the 5th of August and were made to fast for 13 days. The hens finally stopped laying eggs on the seventh day of the fast. After the thirteenth day of the deprivation of food the fowls were again given food a little at a time, but of highly nutritious nature. In a short time the result was seen in the formation of new feathers, and within 30 days from that time the molting was concluded and the hens began to lay. This experiment was made with Rhode Island Reds. Whether the results can be obtained always is yet to be proved. It is a matter, well worth looking into.

THE SEASON FOR CULLING.

Now Is the Time for Sending Every Old and Superfluous Bird to the Market.

The season is at hand when all loafers in the poultry yard should be culled out and sold. Old hens, unlikely pullets and superfluous roosters, young and old, should be placed in fattening quarters and fed for the market. It pays either the fancy poultry breeder or common market poultryman to winter prime birds only. There is no room to spare for non-paying fowls, and quite an amount is lost by keeping the culled birds that are found in the best as well as the poorest flocks.

Full-blooded poultry is always in demand, and those who would sell at fancy prices must be very careful to closely cull down to the best specimens of varieties according to standard requirements. The breeder makes a mistake in keeping any fowls that are undersized or lacking in good natural vitality though they come from a high-priced strain. The best is none too good for breeding purposes in the production of market poultry just the same as in the direction of the show room. Culling severely now and keeping only the best is the way to get business chicks next spring, strong enough to get out of the shell and grow and thrive in spite of the vicissitudes they may encounter during growth. It is a good plan to dispose of hens that are late in molting unless they are of extra value. Such hens won't lay eggs enough in winter to pay their board.

Spring chickens are a fair price on the market the latter part of September, and the whole flock will be in better condition if they are sold closely with the other surplus fowls at this season. Then in November before the first cold snap comes to cause them to lose flesh, we fatten and dispose of the rest of the culled to give the laying hens plenty of room. Crowding the poultry house causes disease and discomfort, and it is the healthy, happy hens that lay the high-priced winter eggs.—Fanny M. Wood, in Ohio Farmer.

EDUCATING YOUNG HORSES

Proper Rearing and Training of Colts Is a Task Requiring Skill and Experience.

The horse always has been recognized as man's closest animal companion, and it is a question as to whether the man ever lived who did not delight in driving or riding a good horse. This subject is of particular interest to every man who raises or handles horses. An old saying is that eggs and colts are much alike, for they must be broken before they can be used.

The proper breaking of a colt, says John Buckler, who has charge of the live stock at the Iowa experiment station, determines in large part the future usefulness of the horse, and no man who has dealt in horses and experienced difficulties in their management will deny that there is much room for improvement in that line. Every day brings fresh illustrations of improper breaking. Less than a week ago a man drove down to the experiment station barn, driving a horse that had been handled for more than two years that had not been taught to back. This is only one of many similar cases.

Besides the losses resulting from improper breaking, thousands of dollars are lost to the farmers every year by selling horses that have not been properly fitted for sale.

In breaking, the first thing to be considered is the nature of the horse. The dispositions of no two horses are exactly alike. There is also a great difference in the draft temperament and those more highly bred, such as trotting and coach horses, the former requiring much less preparatory handling than the latter.

After studying closely the disposition of the colt, the next step is to halter, and in this, as well as all other periods of the breaking, the person in charge should exercise patience. The colt should be gotten into some shed or box stall, preferably one with a ground floor, so there will be no danger of slipping. Now, with halter, to which is attached 15 feet of rope, gently work around the colt, caressing him as much as possible, so as to win his confidence, and when he sees you are not going to hurt him you can usually put the halter on without any trouble. Now, presuming this colt to be one that will pull on the halter, take the loose end of the rope and pass it through a hole in the manger or around a post, back between the fore legs, around the girth and tie. The colt is now tied by both head and body. Step back and let him fight it out, which will take only a short time. And when tied in this way there is no danger of injury as is sometimes the case when tied by the head only. As soon as he gives up pulling go to him and caress him, and by so doing give him to understand that you are his friend. It is well to leave him tied for some little time, after which he may be led.

Leading is a very important part. A horse well broken to lead is more attractive, easier to handle, and will command a higher price in the market than one that is not. In training to lead, always teach the colt to walk beside you and never allow him to follow along behind, as is often done. This can be done by taking a whip in the left hand touching him up a little from behind. After being well trained to walk beside you, encourage him to trot.

GOOD BARN VENTILATION.

How to Construct a Vent Which Keeps Out the Sun and Freely Admits the Air.

The animals in most barns and other farm buildings suffer much during the heated term from lack of proper ventilation. The cut shows a good plan for keeping out the sun. Glass may be covered with white-wash to which is added salt and a little linseed oil or flour paste. This makes the glass opaque. To arrange this plan of ventilation the window is hung on hinges at upper edge. Side pieces set at an angle are attached to either side of frame as shown in cut. This side piece also keeps out much sunlight that otherwise would come in at the sides of the window. The window is raised or lowered and adjustment secured with pins in the holes, as shown.—N. E. Homestead.

Potatoes as Feed for Hogs.

Potatoes are quite largely fed to hogs, but it is found advisable to boil them. In the New England states they are fed extensively, being boiled in milk and mixed with meal in a barrel. Frequently several bushels are boiled at a time, and when mixed with cornmeal make an appetizing mess. The only fault to be found with this combination is that it is badly out of balance. The potatoes are rich in starch and so is the corn. To such of our readers as are still following the old practice we would advise the substitution of bran or of ground oats for the cornmeal. This would make a fairly well-balanced ration. The Canadians say that potatoes have a good effect on the quality of bacon produced. There is probably no better use to which small potatoes may be put than this.—St. Louis Republic.

Farm Management That Wins.

Industry is not the only thing required on the farm. If it were, a great many men that fail would succeed. Keeping eternally at a thing does not always bring success, in spite of the trite saying that it does. Intelligent management is also required, and this kind of management often requires a good deal of information in several directions.

THE WORMS TURNED.

BY PHIL HEMYNG.

II.

"By Jove, Jack!" exclaimed my friend Blissop, as I met him in Westbourne Grove, "what's the matter? You do look chippy."

"I've had an awful row with my wife," I explained.

"Ah, you're too easy with her," said Blissop, in that assertive way of his that always makes one feel inclined to kick him.

"You should put your foot down," he continued.

"Just so."

"And let her understand that you're the boss of the show."

"Why don't you practice what you preach?" I inquired, somewhat savagely.

"Oh, well," he replied, a little confused, "you see, Julia is a very peculiar woman, and er—er—"

"So is Margaret," I remarked, tenderly stroking a large bump on the back of my head as I spoke. Of course, it all arose through that bit of supper we had with Daddies and that awfully jolly girl, when your missis and mine came and caught us in the act. I suppose you've heard of it, too, have you?"

"I should think I have," answered Blissop, again caressing that ominous looking scratch on his face.

"Well, Margaret said that I ought to be ashamed of myself, wasting my money in riotous debauchery instead of buying her things that she was in actual need of."

"Of course, I answered her, and stood up for myself; and then she flew into a passion and began to chuck things about, until cups and saucers were flying about the room like snowballs."

"She caught me once or twice," and I felt the bump sympathetically, "but I managed to dodge most of it, and then, when she had broken up all there was to break, she began to cry."

"However, to cut a long story short, we compromised, after a time, and I am now on my way to get her half a dozen pair of gloves as a peace offering."

"You got off better than I did," observed Blissop, jocularly.

"Julia jawed at me for over an hour, then she went wild and clawed me down the face, and finally bounced out of the house to go and fetch her mother to talk to me."

"Poor old man," I said, in tones of sincerest pity, for I was acquainted with Mrs. Blissop's mother.

"And now, old man, my motto to-day is: 'A short life and a merry one,'" remarked my friend.

"How does that apply?"

"Why, let's throw care—and mothers-in-law—to the dogs, and run over to Earl's Court, and have a look at the Italian exhibition."

"But the gloves—she's waiting for them."

"Oh, you can send them home by messenger boy. Buck up, and say 'yes,' like a man."

"All right," I agreed. "Let's go and buy those gloves, and then we'll be off and have a good time all to ourselves."

"By the way," I observed, as we were going into the glove department, "I promised that Montmorenci girl, that we had supper with, some gloves."

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes, when she—anyhow, I must keep my promise," and so I ordered two parcels; one lot five and three-quarters, and the other half dozen six and a half.

Then I pencilled on the back of my card:

"A souvenir of a pleasant evening," and put it on top of the gloves before they were packed up. Having paid for them I picked up the two packages, and we made tracks for the nearest boy messenger office, where I addressed them, and sent them off.

From there we proceeded to Earl's Court, and had not been ten minutes in the gardens before we met the two sweetest—well, there!

They graciously permitted us to stand them chocolate creams, and then we sat down with them to listen to the music.

All at once a thought seared across my brain like a flash of mental lightning: "By Heavens!" I exclaimed, wildly; "I've done it!"

"Done what?" asked Blissop.

"Put my foot in it fairly this time," I continued.

"What do you mean? Speak out, can't you? I'm no good at conundrums."

"Why, I've sent the wrong parcel of gloves home."

"Go on!"

"It's a fact! I remember now, quite distinctly, changing them from one hand to the other."

"You must tell the misses you made a mistake, and offer to change them."

"But the card inside with the message in it?"

"Oh, lor, I forgot that. There's only one chance for you—p'raps the missis might be out when the gloves arrive, and if you hurry up and skate off, you may be in time to change them before she comes back."

"Come with me, old man," I pleaded, "in case she's at home, and waiting for me."

"All right," agreed Blissop, good-naturedly; and so we said good-by to our friends, and, jumping into a hansom, were soon bowling off home.

"Is your mistress in?" I inquired, and I felt like the prisoner waiting for the verdict of the jury.

"Yes, sir," murmured the girl, and my heart came up into my mouth.

"Yes, here I am," said the wife, coming out into the passage; "and you're a dear, good fellow to get me such a lot of nice gloves."

"Are they the—er—right size, dear?" I asked, nervously.

"Oh, yes, they fit me beautifully," was the reply, so I suppose I did not really change the parcels, after all.—Ally Blower.

Buggy or Carriage Harness ?

PINE WEATHER and fine roads invite you to drive, both for pleasure and profit. Does your Harness look as well as the rest of your turnout or is it shabby, and thus detract from the general appearance? If so, there's an easy way out of it. Select a new set of Buggy or Carriage Harness from Our Large Stock, at astonishingly reasonable prices. However, if you decide to make your old harness do, let us put it in good repair for you. It won't cost much.

T. J. MOBERLY,
Main St. Richmond, Ky.

Skin Diseases.
Eczema, Tetter, Pimples, Salt Rheum are instantly relieved and quickly cured by the free use of Paracamp. It kills the germs, stops the itching, itching. Makes the skin healthy and smooth. S. E. Welch, Jr., Druggist.

TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS

Owing to poor health I am forced to close out my entire stock to quit business. I have 25 sets of the finest Vermont Marble and granite Tombstones and Monuments which I will sell at greatly reduced prices. Here is your opportunity to get an extra good bargain. Orders will be filled promptly. Write or call for designs and prices.

Berea Monumental Works.
S. McGUIRE, Prop. - Berea, Ky.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CUPE

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT
The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.
PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF
E. C. DeWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

16 FREE Scholarships

THE CITIZEN will pay the tuition in Berea College for two terms of one young man and one young woman from each of the following Counties: Clay, Estill, Jackson, Lee, Madison, Owsley, Pulaski and Rockcastle. These sixteen young people will be selected by the people of their own County who take THE CITIZEN.

We will print the Ballot which appears below each week from now until December 1st. This should be filled out with the names and addresses of the young man and young woman in your County to whom you wish scholarships to be given. These ballots, when received at THE CITIZEN office, count one each for the young man and young woman whose names are written on them.

In addition to this, each person who pays for a year's subscription to THE CITIZEN will receive a blank entitling them to one hundred votes for each of their favorite candidates (6 months, 50 votes for each; 3 months, 25 votes for each).

The young man and young woman in each of the eight Counties named above who receive the largest number of votes will have their tuition paid by THE CITIZEN for two terms in Berea College, which will save each one from \$8.00 to \$14.00 in cash. The only expense to which they will be put is for board and room, and good board and rooms can be had cheaper in Berea than at any other first-class school in Kentucky. Berea College will be bigger and better than ever the coming year, and if you or any of your friends are planning to attend school anywhere, it will pay you to consider this offer.

Fill out the ballot below and mail to THE CITIZEN. Get your friends to vote for you. Your chance is just as good as anybody's. START NOW!

Cut this out, fill in with names of your favorites and mail to THE CITIZEN, BEREA, KY.

Take Notice
On account of the recent action of the Kentucky Legislature, Berea College can receive no colored students the coming year, therefore this offer is open only to white contestants.

I vote for Mr. of postoffice county as the most popular young man.

and for Miss of postoffice county as the most popular young woman.

Berea College

Founded 1855

PLACES THE BEST EDUCATION IN REACH OF ALL.

Over 40 Teachers and 900 Students (from 26 States) Largest College Library in Kentucky. NO SALOONS.

Applied Science—Two years' Course, with agriculture for young men and Domestic Science for young Ladies.

Trade Schools—Carpentry, Printing, Housework, Nursing (two years).

Normal Courses—For Teachers. Three courses, leading to county Certificate, State Certificate and State Diploma.

Academy Course—Four years, fitting for College, for business and for life.

College Courses—Literary, Scientific, Classical, leading to Baccalaureate degrees.

Music—Choral (free), Reed Organ, Vocal, Piano, Theory.

We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for fall term of 14 weeks maybe brought within \$29.50. Winter term of 11 weeks \$27.00. Spring term of 11 weeks \$24.25. Fall term opens September 14.

The School is endorsed by Baptists, Christians (Disciples, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

FOR INFORMATION AND FRIENDLY ADVICE ADDRESS THE SECRETARY,

WILL C. GAMBLE - Berea, Madison County, Ky.

Madison County Roller Mills

Manufacturers Fancy Roller Flour
Corn Meal Ship Stuffs Crushed Corn, Etc.
Our "GOLD DUST" Roller Flour will be hard to beat
"PRIDE OF MADISON" is another Excellent Flour
Potts & Duerson,
Whites Station, Ky.

Berea and Vicinity.

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

Marshal Tatum is improving slowly.

Mr. Fay Hanson was in town Tuesday.

Clarence Harden is reported as very much better.

Arch. Pigg, a popular liveryman of London, visited us Tuesday.

Mrs. Frost has been ill ever since her return from Camp Nelson, but is now better.

Mr. Will Dillon, once called the "lumber king of the mountains," came up from London, Tuesday.

George Reynolds made a business trip Monday and Tuesday to Cartersville, Paint Lick and Flat Bottom.

Mr. Mark Peckham, assistant principal of the Kirksville School, came over Friday night, returning Sunday, for a visit with B. E. Cartmell.

The Sunday-school at the colored schoolhouse, led by Mr. Royston, assisted by Mrs. Frost, Miss Pearl Baker and others, has doubled its numbers and interest of late.

Wednesday the Berea Banking Co. were replacing their office furniture with larger equipment. The old was taken to McKee, to be installed in the Jackson County Bank of that place, which is a branch of the Berea Banking Co.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Golden, of Whitewater, Kan., came Monday night for several weeks' visit with Berea friends and relatives. Mrs. Margaret West Golden was a student here before the war. They moved from here in March, 1880, and since then only Mr. Golden had been back once.

Dr. V. H. Hobson, of Richmond, was in the city yesterday trying to enlist local capitalists in a stock company to develop the newly-discovered Madison county oil fields. Oil has been struck in paying quantities in a well bored recently in Madison county, eight miles from Richmond.—Louisville Herald.

Harry Coddington, mother and sister came Friday night in response to telegrams concerning the serious condition of Bert Coddington. They were pleasantly surprised to find him much better. At the time of going to press recovery seems certain. Harry Coddington returned Monday to Roanoke, Va., where he has a position with the Norfolk and Western railroad.

Mrs. Eliza Foster, living at White's Station, was accidentally shot and killed by her nephew, Jack Twigg, of the same place, a week ago yesterday. Mrs. Foster went out into the yard about eleven o'clock at night, and while advancing toward the house was mistaken for an intruder. Although Twigg called to her to halt, she seemed not to understand him, and he raised his gun and fired, killing her instantly.

Rev. A. E. Thomson, Rev. M. K. Pasco and Mrs. Pasco were in Williamsburg last week at the Congregational State Association. The attendance was small but the interest was up to high water mark. Mr. Pasco preached the opening sermon on Thursday night, after which Rev. W. A. Duncan, of Boston, spoke on Sunday-school work and Christian fathers and mothers. Reports from churches showed only a few gains and growth, as in Williamsburg, Corbin and Berea. Rev. Mr. Thomson introduced a very important set of resolutions, which must lead to a great advance if accepted by the American Missionary Association. They call for a State Committee to have the oversight of the pastorless churches and to fill vacancies. This is a very aggressive and hopeful movement. The Committee elected were Rev. A. E. Thomson, Rev. M. K. Pasco and Hon. R. D. Hill, of Louisville, formerly of Williamsburg, who is serving his second term as U. S. District Attorney. The Association will meet next year with the Congregational church of Berea.

On a Murder Charge.
Newport, Ky., Oct. 5.—Thomas Adamson, wanted here on the charge of fatally stabbing Jacob Stahl in a saloon row one month ago, gave himself up to the police, and in default of \$2,500 bail is in jail. Stahl succumbed to his wounds three weeks ago.

He Will Recover.
Jackson, Ky., Oct. 5.—A telephone message from Hazard Tuesday stated that Rueck Cottingham, who was ambushed two days ago and reported to be mortally wounded, sustained only slight wounds in the left shoulder and will recover.

Relieved of His Roll.
Lexington, Ky., Oct. 5.—Pickpockets Tuesday night relieved J. C. Merrill, a prominent horseman of Lockhaven, Mass., of a roll of over \$800. Detectives have clues. This is the first case reported during the trots here.

Grocer Assigns.
Hopkinsville, Ky., Oct. 5.—N. L. McKee, a grocer, filed a petition in bankruptcy Tuesday, with liabilities estimated at \$26,850 and assets \$7,800. There was a saloon attached to the grocery. There are 200 creditors.

queen Caroline Mt. Pleasant, of the Six Nations. Miss Dox was adopted into this tribe with the name of "Bright Light." Among the Osages she is called "Clear Day," among the Delawares "Eyes that never grow Dim," among the Cherokees, "Happy Heart," and among the Penobscots "Northern Light."

For Sale.

Horse Harness, Saddle and new Weber Waggon; also pieces of household furniture.—Call on P. S. DEARBORN, Centre street. 10-13

College Items

HERE AND THERE

L. E. Welles is teaching at Perry, N. Y.

Geo. Roberts came last week for a short visit.

Miss Myrtle Titus is teaching at Kenese, Ky.

Rev. W. C. Kelly has been appointed pastor of a church at Page, Neb.

Miss Louise Gilbert, of London, Ky., entered school at Knoxville College this week.

Mrs. Helen Putman Beggs and son Thomas returned Tuesday to their home in Illinois.

Misses Frances M. Berry and Madge B. Sutton left Sept. 22nd for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Ada Adams Brown, former student of Berea, is now visiting friends and relatives in London, Ky.

The football game with Georgetown will occur next Monday afternoon. A lively game is promised.

J. K. Caldwell arrived Saturday noon, to be in school this year. He will help us out very much in band and football.

John C. Stratton is attending school in Cleveland, O., and his address for some time to come will be 508 Prospect St.

Mr. John Goins, of London, is now in St. Louis attending the Fair. Mr. Goins is teaching in the town school at London.

Frank Livengood, who has made many friends here during his sojourn with us several years, has gone to Atlanta, Ga., where he expects to secure work. We understand his intentions in the next few years are to familiarize himself with all parts of our country and the languages, with a view of entering the U. S. Consular service.

Rev. W. D. Smith has been assigned to Brunswick, Neb., a new town on a new railroad in the northern part of the state, with bright prospects for the future. Mr. Smith while here proved to be an honest and faithful worker in his Master's cause and he leaves Wood River with the good will and best wishes of the people.—Wood River (Neb.) Interests.

Mountain Day was as usual heartily enjoyed. Several wagon loads of jolly students, a walking party of 14 members and others on horseback and in private rigs reached the middle fork of Pigg Hollow about 10 o'clock. Dinner was served at one of the springs included in the waterworks system. Many made short trips to the Rock House and to inspect the waterworks reservoir in process of construction. By 2.30 p. m. the return trip was begun.

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H. C. PAYNE IS DEAD

The Postmaster General of the United States Expired at 6:10 Tuesday Evening.

THE END CAME PEACEFULLY.

The Cause of Death Was Disease of the Mitral Valve and Dilation of the Heart.

Funeral Services Will Be Held in Washington Friday, After Which the Remains Will Be Taken to Milwaukee For Burial.

Washington, Oct. 5.—Henry C. Payne, postmaster general of the United States, a member of the national republican committee, a stalwart of his party, with the history of which both in his home state and nationally he has been identified for many years, died at his apartments at the Arlington hotel at 6:10 o'clock Tuesday night, aged 60 years. The death and its cause was announced in the following official bulletin issued by the attending physicians:

"The postmaster general died at 6:10 p. m. He died peacefully without a struggle. Cause of death was disease of mitral valve and dilation of the heart. (Signed) P. M. Rixey, G. Lloyd Magruder, C. T. Grayson."

Mr. Payne had been in poor health for at least two years, but his last illness covered only seven days, an attack of heart trouble last week precipitating the end at a time when, after a rest, he seemed to have recovered a small measure of his vitality, impaired by years of arduous labor. Death came after nearly six hours of unconsciousness.

The last official caller to inquire as to Mr. Payne's condition was President Roosevelt, and he had been gone only about ten minutes when the stricken member of his cabinet expired. Secretary Hay had called at the Payne apartments a few minutes before the president made his visit. Neither entered the sick room. As Mr. Roosevelt was leaving about 6 o'clock he spoke feelingly of Mr. Payne to the newspaper men gathered in front of the hotel as "The sweetest, most lovable and most trustful man I ever knew." Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by her brother, Capt. Cowles, also was a caller at the family apartments of the Paynes during the late afternoon.

Around Mr. Payne's bedside at the time of his death was his devoted wife, Rev. Dr. Dunlap, pastor of St. John's Episcopal church; Maj. and Mrs. W. S. Cameron, of Jamestown, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Cameron, of Milwaukee; Charles L. Jones and Miss Louise Jones, relatives; Private Secretary Whitney, Miss Marie Barbieri, an old companion of Mrs. Payne's; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mason, of Washington, old time friends of Mr. and Mrs. Payne, and the faithful colored messenger at the department of the postmaster general.

When the postmaster general had breathed his last Dr. Magruder led Mrs. Payne out of the room. It was stated that she had stood up bravely under the heavy strain.

The last day had been one during which practically all hope had been abandoned for some hours. The approach of dissolution began during the noon hour when the sick man lost consciousness and no longer recognized those whom he had attempted to cheer during his illness by saying to them that he was all right. When Mrs. Payne saw that the end was near she summoned Rev. Dr. Dunlap, of St. John's Episcopal church, and at her request he read at the bedside of the dying man Psalm 130, "Out of the deep," and then repeated the prayers the Episcopal church provides shall be read at the bed of those about to pass away.

Funeral services will be held at St. John's Episcopal church, this city, next Friday morning, and at 3:15 that afternoon the body will be taken to the Pennsylvania railroad station and placed aboard the private car of President A. J. Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, who tendered the use of the car and announced that it would be here by Wednesday morning. The remains should arrive at Milwaukee Saturday evening and services will be held next Sunday at the All Saints Episcopal church there.

Gen. Wade Coming Home.
Manila, Oct. 5.—Gen. Jas. F. Wade, the retiring commander of the Philippine division, sails for home October 15. Pending arrival of Gen. Corbin, who succeeds to the command, Gen. Leonard Wood will act as commanding general.

Insurance Agents Enjoined.
Chicago, Oct. 5.—The appellate court affirmed an injunction issued by Judge Baker restraining 20 insurance companies and individuals, acting as agents from doing business in Illinois in alleged violation of the state laws.

Loss of Life By Floods.
Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 5.—Reports received from different points in the territory show that the loss of life in the floods that have occurred in the past week was greater than at first thought. At least 20 persons perished.

Chilian Consul in Canal Zone.
Washington, Oct. 5.—After careful consideration of the international points involved the state department has decided to issue a temporary exequatur to Geronimo Ossa as consul of Chile in the canal zone.

PAYNE'S SUCCESSOR.

It is Probable That Mr. Cortelyou Will Assume the Duties.

Washington, Oct. 5.—In succession to Mr. Payne, George Bruce Cortelyou, former secretary of the department of Commerce and labor, and now chairman of the republican national committee, will become postmaster general about December 1. Mr. Cortelyou's appointment as head of the post



HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

office department was determined on several months ago by President Roosevelt when Mr. Payne indicated to the president his desire to retire from the department on account of the precarious state of his health. Mr. Payne would have resigned the portfolio long ago had it not been for the pending investigation of the affairs of the department. In the interim the responsibilities of directing the affairs of the post office department will evolve on Mr. Wynne.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

Remains of Senator George F. Hoar Committed to the Tomb.

Concord, Mass., Oct. 5.—The last services over the body of United States Senator George Frisbie Hoar were held Tuesday in this town, the place of his birth, and several hundred of the senator's former townsmen followed the body to the place of its burial in Sleepy Hollow cemetery. In the First Parish church a solemn service of Scripture reading, song and prayer, was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Loren B. McDonald. The pastor read James Russell Lowell's poem on Channing. Two of Senator Hoar's favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide With Me," were sung by a quartette. At the grave brief services of burial were held and the body was committed to the tomb.

IN A STREET DUEL.

A Milwaukee Man, a Bystander, Accidentally Shot.

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 5.—During a street duel here Tuesday between J. M. Chittim, known as the Texas Cattle King, and W. W. Jones, a cattleman and banker at Beeville, H. S. Elwell, a traveling man of Milwaukee, Wis., chanced within range and was accidentally killed. The bullet, it is said, was fired from Chittim's gun. Chittim was placed in jail charged with murder. Elwell worked for the H. C. Miller Co., stationers of Milwaukee. From letters in his possession it appears he has a brother in Sheboygan. Neither of the participants was injured.

THE BRIDGE WENT DOWN.

Seven Men Are Missing Out of a Party of Eight Men.

Oklahoma City, O. T., Oct. 5.—Seven men are missing of a party of eight men who went down with the wagon bridge between Lexington and Purcell Monday night, after battling with the swift rush of waters for many hours in their vain attempt to prevent the bridge from going out, the only connection between the two towns. Judge Hocker, who lives at Byers, near Lexington, is the man heard from, but he can tell nothing of the other men.

THE CASE DISMISSED.

Effort of Modern Woodmen to Secure \$100,000 From McCutcheon Estate.

Sioux City, Ia., Oct. 5.—The case of the Modern Woodmen of America to collect \$100,000 from the estate of the late E. H. McCutcheon, a banker at Holstein, Ia., was dismissed Tuesday. Upon McCutcheon's death it was found that his bank was insolvent. He was a leading Woodman and had \$100,000 of the order's funds in his bank. The Woodmen sued the bondsmen who replied that their names had been secured by fraud.

Mrs. Annie E. Hall Grenewald Dead.
Hanover, Pa., Oct. 5.—Mrs. Annie E. Hall Grenewald, the only woman forecast official employed by the United States government, is dead at her home near here, aged 57 years. For 17 years Mrs. Grenewald had kept a complete station record of weather conditions.

Alleged Lynchers Released.
Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 5.—James H. Mitchell and James Armstrong, alleged lynchers, were released from jail on a writ of habeas corpus, the indictments against them being held illegal. Company F, Third regiment Alabama national guard, was mustered out.

Taken to the Penitentiary.
Topeka, Kan., Oct. 5.—Robert Romaine, who confessed to complicity in the Independence and Vindicator outrages in Colorado, was taken to the Kansas penitentiary from here Tuesday. He will serve an indeterminate sentence for robbery.

This Way Sinners!

If you are not buying all your wants of us I will tell you why you should.

We have the largest cleanest and best selected stock of DRY GOODS and SHOES in Madison County. The largest and choicest stock of GROCERIES this side of Lexington and the cheapest drug store on earth.

SOME PRICES

Gold Medal Flour, Washburn-Crosby Co.,	75c
Obelisk Flour, Ballard & Ballard Co.	75c
Meal	65c
Granulated Sugar	5½c
Dry Salt Sides	8c
Dry Salt Fat Backs	7½c
Arbuckle's Coffee	2 for 25c

Other goods in proportion at

WELCH'S

A Day's Doings in Kentucky.

RECORDS BROKEN.

Grace Bond Won the Futurity Race at Lexington.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 5.—Grace Bond broke at least two world's records to win the classic Kentucky Futurity, worth \$14,000, and is disputing the title for a third world's record. She gave two of the heats of the race to Alta Axworthy, the prime favorite, but made her own three heats in 2:09½ or better, thus establishing a world's record for three-year-old trotters. Two of the heats she ran in 2:09½, establishing a world's three-year-old record for two heats. When she made the first heat in 2:09½, Starter Walker announced that she had broken a world's record. Fantasy, at Nashville in 1893, trotted a mile as a three-year-old in 2:08½ in the second heat of a race, but under unusual conditions. In order to allow her to make a record, distance had been waived and a pacemaker picked her up at the half mile, and she went under the wire while the bunch was turning the stretch. Grace Bond's fractional time in her three fast heats was: First heat, 32½, 1:04, 1:35½; 2:09½. Second heat, 32½, 1:04½, 1:36½, 2:09½. Fifth heat, 32½, 1:05½, 1:37½, 2:09½.

KENTUCKY WOMEN.

They Refused to Indorse Roosevelt's Stand on Race Suicide.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., Oct. 5.—The Kentucky W. C. T. U. closed its 24th annual convention Tuesday. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Frances Beauchamp, Lexington; vice president, Mrs. Mary W. Bender, Louisville; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary Balch, Louisville; recording secretary, Mrs. Nellie T. Arnsperger, Lexington; treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Myall, Paris; secretary, Miss Anna Edwards, Perryville; L. T. L. secretary, Mrs. Nellie Arnsperger, Lexington. Mrs. Mary Bender, from the state at large, and Mrs. Jennie Thompson, of Mt. Sterling, and Mrs. Lida Isgrig, of Louisville, were elected delegates to the national convention in Philadelphia.

A resolution indorsing the stand of President Roosevelt on the race suicide question was voted down.

TO DO BUSINESS IN THE STATE.

The Authority of the Security Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 5.—State Insurance Commissioner Henry R. Prewitt entered an order upon the records of that department revoking all authority of the Security Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Binghamton, N. Y., and its agents to do business in the state of Kentucky. The action is taken because of the removal by that company of a case against it from the state to the United States court, in violation of the Kentucky statute. The case is that of Crane and others against the company, from the county of Owen. The authority of the commissioner will, it is expected, be taken into the courts.

No Compromise For Crigler & Crigler.

Covington, Ky., Oct. 5.—There will be no compromise in the case of the federal government against the firm of Crigler & Crigler, which has been accused of altering the contents of packages of whisky and filling them with cheaper grade of goods without notifying the revenue collector, as is required by law.

One Hundred Tons of Cattle.

Owingsville, Ky., Oct. 5.—The Hamilton Farm Co., composed of George G. and J. Carroll Hamilton, of this county, have just sold 200 export cattle at 5½ cents per pound, and have delivered the cattle. Total weight amounted to slightly over 200,000 pounds.

FOR SALE

GOOD MILCH COW. C. C. Rhodus, Berea, Ky.

48 BUILDING LOTS in Berea belonging to the John G. Fee estate. Special inducements to purchaser of entire tract. J. P. Bicknell, Berea, Ky.

FOR RENT

AN 8 ROOM HOUSE on Center Street. Good well, garden and barn. Call on or write to J. J. Brannaman, Berea, Ky.

See the New Dressmaker

Over the Post Office.

Just from Lexington with the latest Designs. Makes Specialty of

Waists, Skirts, and Wraps

For Ladies, Misses and children.

Mrs. Jennie Searcy, Berea, Ky.

Those who missed June brides will find the July article every way as desirable.

In writing a sketch of his life the successful man always skips over the year that he tried to be a book agent.

It is wonderful how attractive a few thousand dollars can make a crop of freckles.

It takes a lot of explaining to make the average man understand why there should be such a thing as a social function, and then he doesn't understand.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

Beat the drums Softly; here she comes. Clothed in wisdom and I rather guess A white dress As well; Casting a magic spell Over the land And helping us to understand

The whiteness of the whence And a few other things which the average man is too dense To understand alone Without being shown. We are up to the date When the sweet girl graduate Steps forth with stately grace And a smiling face And tells you with eloquence and wit All about it. You will know her when You see her by this description, though she should be among ten thousand. Not another one in the whole Lot could touch her with a ten foot pole. When she speaks it is law. The constitution may disagree, but phaw. That does not count Or amount To a row of pins. She wins Out on her face Regardless of the facts in the case. She can take the stand And settle offhand All the questions of the day In her own sweet way. Peace, war And a score Of the intricate questions of the hour Melt before her power. She knows How, when, which, what, wherefore, whence and all those things. She brings Her mind to play In her modest way And quietly settles all affairs of state While you wait.



HENRY C. PAYNE ILL.

Postmaster General Has Marked Symptoms of Heart Trouble.

Several Times He Had Sinking Spells and it Was Thought the End Was Near—He Rallied and His Condition is Encouraging.

Washington, Sept. 30.—Postmaster General Henry C. Payne is seriously ill at his apartments at the Hotel Arlington here. Marked symptoms of heart trouble have developed and his condition became so serious during the day as to cause grave concern. Mr. Payne returned recently from a trip in the west and appeared to be feeling in much improved condition, though his health has been poor for a long time.

Washington, Oct. 1.—The condition of Postmaster General Payne, whose serious illness was announced Thursday night, continued extremely grave throughout Friday. There were times during the day, notably in the early morning and late in the afternoon, when the attending physicians believed the end was near at hand, but the patient responded to the heroic remedies applied and seemed to regain some of the lost ground. Friday night at about 8 o'clock Mr. Payne fell into a restless sleep, which continued for some time. The doctors regarded this as encouraging for a peaceful night.

The greatest cause of alarm was the feebleness of the heart action and it was found necessary to administer saline solution and nitro-glycerine to stimulate that organ. Only moderate sized doses were given, however



Hon. Henry C. Payne.

and in each case the response was gratifying.

Washington, Oct. 3.—After a day filled with strong hopes, alternating with the gravest fears of almost immediate dissolution, Postmaster General Payne's condition late Sunday night was declared by his physicians to be decidedly more encouraging, but they are unwilling to hazard an opinion as to the future. In the early hours his heart action became decidedly weaker with resultant feebleness of pulse and unconsciousness. At times he suffered intense pain and once or twice he cried out in his agony. These paroxysms were followed by periods of comparative freedom from pain, but the heart action continued to give the physicians the greatest concern.

Several times during the day the pulse became so feeble that it seemed it must cease altogether and at one time the physicians said the postmaster general was as near death as few ever get and survive the day. At 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon the doctors fully believed that the end was at hand, and the family, who were at dinner, were summoned.

Early Monday morning Dr. Magruder left the sick room for his home, leaving Dr. Grayson in charge. Dr. Magruder's report was that Mr. Payne's improvement continued and if this rate of improvement continues the next bulletin would doubtless be gratifying. He said that the postmaster general was retaining his nourishment and had had no sinking spells during the evening when he awoke from his sleep, which was necessarily fitful, he was able to recognize those about him. Dr. Magruder added that Mr. Payne's heart action continued good.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Annual Report of Miss Estelle Reel, the Superintendent.

Washington, Sept. 30.—In her annual report to the commission of Indian affairs, Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, says the past year has shown marked improvement in the methods of instruction and that gratifying progress has been made in teaching English. The report says that on every reservation where day schools are located the latter's good effects upon the older Indians can plainly be seen. The day school system, it is stated, has reached its best developments on the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations. Special attention has been given to agriculture and industrial training in Indian school work.

Mines to Start Up.

Sharon, Pa., Oct. 3.—It was announced that the United States steel corporation is preparing to start its coal mines at Slippery Rock, that they will be in operation this week. The miners went out on a strike last January.

Chicago Day at the Fair.

St. Louis, Oct. 3.—Extensive preparations are being made by the World's fair officials for the celebration of Chicago day on next Saturday. Excursions will be run from the territory contiguous to St. Louis on all sides.

Kentucky State News Items.

THE BLUE LAW.

Lexington Experienced Its First Sunday Under Its Regime.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 3.—Lexington Sunday experienced its first Sunday under the blue law regime but the restrictions were greater Sunday than they will ever be again, for late Sunday afternoon the city solicitor discovered that milk wagons and ice wagons are a "necessity" and are thus exempted by the law. Only a few milk wagons attempted to run Sunday morning and the drivers were arrested. Most of the population drank their coffee without cream. Families whose sick children were deprived of milk complained bitterly and suits for damages may follow. Ice wagons did not attempt to run. Late in the afternoon the city solicitor decided that both have a right to run and the drivers under arrest were released. Only about 30 people were arrested for violating the Sunday law, although about 200 had announced their intention Saturday of continuing business. They decided when they started to open and saw the police, they had better keep closed.

Drug stores had a right to sell medicine on prescription, but this did not pay to keep clerks, and all drug stores were closed. The only places open were hotels, livery stables and newspaper offices, the latter two classes having secured injunctions.

No time had been given the citizens to prepare for the strict enforcement of the Sunday laws, and many families had not laid in groceries and meats. Preparations will be made hereafter. Few pastors spoke of the Sunday enforcement Sunday and urged the members of their congregations to lay in sufficient supplies on Saturday. The saloon men believe the Sunday enforcement will soon become unpopular and they will be allowed to open. No saloons were open Sunday. They reported a record breaking sale of bottled goods Saturday night. Few drunks were registered Sunday.

Ex-Alderman C. B. Lowry Sunday night announced his intention of filing a \$10,000 damage suit against those responsible for stopping milk wagons. Lowry has two sick children who subsist mainly on milk, and his wagon failed to arrive Sunday morning. He called at the milk depot and was unable to purchase milk, as the managers of the depot had been arrested once for a violation of the law. Lowry says he will invite all families whose sick children suffered to join him in his suit and he will pay the attorney fees. Other suits are threatened.

Two Tragedies at Paducah.

Paducah, Ky., Oct. 3.—Thomas Riley was fatally assaulted and robbed but could not give an account of it after reviving. About the same time Tom Murray, special watchman for the Illinois Central, shot and dangerously wounded Joe Green, his friend. Green was trying to get Murray to go home.

Maj. H. B. McClellan Dead.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 3.—Maj. H. B. McClellan, one of the most noted educators in this state, and who recently resigned the principalship of Sayre institute, after holding the office for nearly half a century, died at his home in this city as a result of a stroke of apoplexy.

Kentucky Daughters Elect Officers.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 3.—The Kentucky Daughters of the American Revolution elected Mrs. S. H. Todd, of Owensboro, state regent; Mrs. William Warren, of Danville, vice regent, and Miss Jennie D. Blackburn, of Bowling Green, secretary.

Fire in Middlesboro.

Middlesboro, Ky., Oct. 3.—Fire broke out in a new frame building here and for a time it seemed that the town was doomed. The stores of A. Goodfriend and H. Stophinske were destroyed, with contents, with a loss upward of \$25,000.

Hunter Is Busy.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 3.—William R. Ramsey, Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter's attorney, arrived in Louisville and held a long conference with the Eleventh district congressman. Dr. Hunter's plans for a contest was discussed.

William O. Vaughan Indicted.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 3.—The grand jury Saturday afternoon indicted William O. Vaughan for involuntary manslaughter, for the killing of R. J. Suter, a member of the board of public safety, July 3.

A Roadside Wedding.

Sergeant, Ky., Oct. 3.—Mr. Troy Adams, aged 22, of Colly, and Miss Lydia Kinser, aged 22, after procuring a marriage license, were married by David Adams, a minister, on the roadside near here.

A Big Flowing Well.

Sergeant, Ky., Oct. 3.—Jones' well, No. 14, came in last week in the Beaver creek oil field, north of here, on the Knott-Letcher border, with a 300-barrel flow, the best well struck there in months.

Democratic Campaign Opening.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 3.—The democratic state campaign will be formally opened Monday in Kentucky. Preparations have been made for rousing meetings to be held all over the state.

He Declines the Honor.

Vanceburg, Ky., Oct. 3.—Hon. Samuel J. Pugh, nominated for congress by the republicans of the Ninth district, has published a letter declining the honor.

SEVERE ENGAGEMENT.

The Russians Attacked the Japs Near Pigeon Bay.

Apparently They Attempted to Capture the Heavy Guns Mounted by the Japanese—Loss on Both Sides Heavy.

London, Oct. 1.—The failure of the latest Japanese attempt to drive out the Port Arthur fleet and reduce the fortress has led, according to the Daily Telegraph's Chee Foo correspondent, to the decision that the Japanese must go into winter quarters. Japanese officers admitted that Gen. Stoessel is making a superb stand. "Accordingly," the correspondent says, "permanent fortifications affording excellent shelter are being constructed outside the Russian main line of defenses and warm clothing is being brought up for the troops. Reinforcements are continuously arriving. Finding it impossible to hold outer forts, even when they are captured, owing to the enflading fire, the only alternative left the Japanese is to cut off supplies and communications."

The Daily Telegraph's correspondent at Simintin states that the Chinese authorities there have issued an order forbidding the sale of goods to the Russians on the ground that it would constitute a breach of neutrality.

Tien-Tsin, Oct. 1.—Russian officers here admit that it is the intention of the remaining Russian war vessels at Port Arthur to attempt to escape. They say that they expected the movement one week ago, and that it may now be expected daily.

Mukden, Oct. 1.—A great change in the situation here has occurred. The Japanese now appear anxious to act on the defensive, and have fortified a position northwest of the Yental mines.

According to the best estimates obtainable, the Japanese army confronting Gen. Kuropatkin comprises a grand total of 180 battalions. Allowing 800 men to a battalion there are 144,000 infantry. In addition there are 6,300 cavalry and 638 guns. The distribution of the Japanese forces is as follows: One division at Bentsiaputze, two divisions at the Yental mines, four divisions on the railway a little north of Liao Yang, one division westward near Hiamendanz and one division at Sandepu.

Che Foo, Oct. 3.—Severe fighting, the Russians being the aggressors, occurred September 28 and 29 on the west shore of Liaotai promontory near Pigeon bay, according to a report brought by Chinese who left Port Arthur September 30. The Russians already apparently are aiming to capture the heavy guns which the Japanese have mounted in that vicinity. The Russians were in considerable force and they made several sorties, dragging field artillery with them. They were unsuccessful, however. Three junks with 160 coolies arrived here Sunday. They left Port Arthur wounded and bury the dead. They also were afraid that eventually they would have no food, although rice is plentiful now, according to their stories. They further say that the Russians lost heavily during the attacks of September 19 and September 23, but the Japanese loss was much heavier.

Several of the Chinese who were employed in carrying dead say that the dead were so numerous that they were unable to form anything like an estimate of the number who fell in attacking and defending the supplementary forts near Its mountain. Since the battle both sides continue to shell at intervals daily.

Tokio, Oct. 3.—The Russians are reported to be desperately endeavoring to retake their lost positions, including Fort Kuropatkin, in the hope of restoring the water supply of Port Arthur. They are said to have repeatedly assaulted the Japanese after shelling from neighboring forts and batteries. The Japanese continue to hold the positions. Both sides are said to have suffered severely. The newly mounted heavy Japanese guns are said to command the entire harbor. The position of the remnant of the Russian Port Arthur fleet is said to be precarious and it is believed the vessels must soon emerge or be destroyed.

The Old Transport Burnside.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 1.—The old federal transport "Burnside," which was sunk during the operations about this city in the early sixties, was raised from the bed of the Tennessee river by recent high water and landed on a shoal where parts of the hull and the boilers are visible.

A Mile in 60 Seconds.

Pittsburg, Oct. 1.—At the first meet of the Pittsburg Automobile club, held here, Barney Oldfield drove an 80-horse power machine five miles in 5 minutes 9.15 seconds, the last mile being made in 60 seconds flat.

Attempt to Lower the Record.

Chicago, Oct. 3.—B. B. Holcomb left the Chicago Automobile club at 2 o'clock Monday morning in his automobile for New York in an attempt to lower the record of 72 hours and 43 minutes. He will try to cover the distance in 60 hours.

Japanese Gunboat Sunk.

Tokio, Oct. 3.—It is rumored that a Japanese gunboat struck a mine and sunk south of the Liao Tung peninsula. A portion of her crew reached an island and were rescued. The name of the gunboat is unknown.

CHURCH PERSONALS.

The father of Nicola Tesla, the noted electrician, was a priest in the Greek church.

John Murdoch, LL. D., founder and secretary of the Indian Christian Literature society, is dead at Madras, aged 85 years.

The federation of the 48 Protestant states' churches of Germany is contemplated. There is at present no organic connection. The proposed plan will not touch the confession of faith.

Rev. S. Sugihara is pastor of a Japanese Methodist Episcopal church in Portland, Ore. His people, who are mostly domestic servants or day laborers, have made great sacrifices to raise \$3,000 toward a church building.

Rev. L. Lochner, of Chicago, has just returned home after establishing a Lutheran synod in Brazil. During five months spent in Brazil he traveled 1,500 miles by wagon and on foot to consolidate 15 Lutheran churches in that country.

The Rev. A. Tighe Gregory, LL. B., vicar of Bawdsey and curate of Ramshott, Suffolk, has for 57 years taken three full services with sermons every Sunday. Even now, at the age of 85, he cycles or drives seven miles to his second church.

Miss Mary Jameson, daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in Rochester, N. Y., has been adopted in the Deer clan of the Seneca Indians, receiving the name of Ah-Wae-Agwas, which means "Picking Flowers Out of the Water." For the last few summers Miss Jameson has been accustomed to visit the Indians and hold religious services on Sunday. A few days after her adoption she was visited at her summer cottage by a number of Indians, who presented her with an ancient silver brooch.

FOR FASHION'S FOLLOWERS.

Hosiery worn with tan shoes should match the shade of leather exactly.

Supple fabrics will take the lead for street costumes during the coming winter.

Auto coats fashioned from white flannel are trimmed with Arabian braid.

Bonnaz embroidery will figure on the simpler styles of tailored hats for autumn.

Moire antique is to be restored to favor, both for trimming purposes and gowns.

Purple, particularly in its softer shades, will be much in evidence for the early fall.

Newest shapes in corsets are not quite so boxlike as those in vogue for the past few years.

The latest sleeve is very much wider; the newest shape clings to the arm until just below the elbow, when it swells out sharply, being caught in again at the wrist with a wide, tight cuff.

VOGUE IN VESTMENTS.

Big plaids appear in the silk shirt-waists.

Many of the buttons are positive works of art.

Vests are set into the separate waists for fall.

A new mixture of silk and wool is known as silesienne.

Velvet ribbons in wonderful bronze and nasturtium tints are shown.

Foliage and flowers of velvet will be much used on the winter hats.

There are lots of exaggerated styles that the well-dressed woman is going to let alone.

A three-quarter pongee coat lined with satin is a handsome and useful garment that can be worn nearly all the year round.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Oct. 1.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 25 @ 3 75
Heavy steers	4 75 @ 5 00
CALVES—Extra	7 00 @ 7 00
HOGS—Ch. packers	5 95 @ 6 10
Mixed packers	5 50 @ 5 75
SHEEP—Extra	3 35 @ 3 50
LAMBS—Extra	5 75 @ 5 80
FLOUR—Spring pat.	6 35 @ 6 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 20 @ 1 22
No. 3 winter	1 18 @ 1 18
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	81 @ 55 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	32 @ 32 1/2
RYE—No. 2	81 @ 81
HAY—Ch. timothy	12 15 @ 12 15
LARD—Steam	7 87 1/2 @ 8 00
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	13 @ 13
Choice creamery	17 @ 22
APPLES—Choice	1 75 @ 2 25
POTATOES—Per bbl	1 50 @ 1 65
TOBACCO—New	5 25 @ 12 25
Old	4 75 @ 14 50

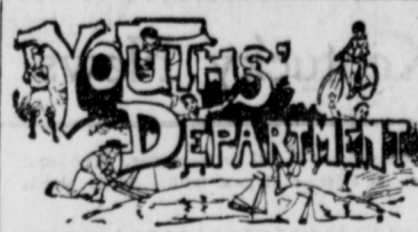
Chicago.	
FLOUR—Winter pat.	5 30 @ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 16 @ 1 18
No. 3 spring	1 05 @ 1 15
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	52 1/2 @ 52 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
RYE—No. 2	75 @ 75
PORK—Mess	11 00 @ 11 70
LARD—Steam	7 67 1/2 @ 7 70

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. str's.	5 10 @ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 17 1/2 @ 1 17 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	57 1/2 @ 57 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	35 1/2 @ 36 1/2
PORK—Mess	15 50 @ 15 50
LARD—Steam	8 10 @ 8 10

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 03 1/2 @ 1 14 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	51 1/2 @ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	41 @ 41
CATTLE—Steers	4 85 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western	6 15 @ 6 75

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 16 @ 1 16
CORN—No. 3 mixed.	56 @ 56
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	35 @ 35
LARD—Steam	7 00 @ 7 00
PORK—Mess	13 50 @ 13 50

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 15 @ 1 15
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	54 1/2 @ 54 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	33 @ 36



MAMMA'S DRUMMER.

When I'm a man,
I won't be king and rule the land;
No, sir, I'm goin' to join the band,
When I'm a man.

I won't go tootin' some old horn
Like ma's fisherman so forlorn,
Or blowin' a high tone fancy fife;
No—there's somethin' better in life.
I'm goin' to have a great big drum.
Oh, how I wish that time would come!

Trum a trum, trum,
Trum a trum, trum,
Trum a trum, trum,
Trum a trum, trum.

Then I'll go marchin' up the street;
You bet that drum I'll beat and beat,
And when the others all keep still
I'll just play louder—yes, I will.
Rub a dub, dub,
Rub a dub, dub,
Rub a dub, dub.

And all the horses won't they prance,
And all the girls, oh, how they'll dance!
And when small boys the players cheer,
They'll mean the drummer in the rear.
Trum a trum, trum,
Trum a trum, trum.

And when I march by mamma's house,
I won't be still as any mouse,
And she is sure her boy to see,
And, oh, how proud she'll surely be!
Rub a dub, dub,
Rub a dub, dub.

And then I'll play so loud she'll say,
In such a proud and happy way:
"Friends, neighbors dear, would you be-
lieve,
That man with spangles on his sleeve
Is just my boy."
My little boy?
Boom, boom, boom, boom!
—Mary C. Phillips, in Chicago Advance.

A PRETTY PARLOR TRICK.

Older Boys and Girls Can Learn to Perform It Nicely After a Few Hours' Practice.

This is a neat and effective trick to perform before a company of men, women and children, from whom you can borrow the few materials you need. These are a silver half dollar, a large wire hairpin, a heavy ring and a long hatpin, or "stickpin."

Bend the hairpin into the shape shown in the picture. Force the half dollar into the narrow hook on one end of the hairpin, which hook you have pinched well together so that it will grip the coin tightly, and hang the ring on the other, more open hook.

Now balance the coin at a point near a edge and in line with the two hooks on the point of the hatpin, which you hold vertically in your left hand.

You can always make it balance on some point, but to make the trick effective the pin should be very near the



NEEDLE COIN AND RING.

edge of the coin, so if the ring is not very heavy you may have to borrow another one and slip it in the hook beside the first. Or you can use a light ring and substitute a quarter for the half dollar.

Now, if you blow against the ring the whole affair will turn on its pivot, and by giving a good puff every time the ring comes round you can make it spin very fast and keep on spinning a long time. If the hatpin is very sharp and of very hard steel it will gradually bore a hole in the coin. Indeed, it is possible to bore clear through a soft coin in this way.

Of course you should practice this trick before you try it in public. Then, if the ring is a brass one and the coin your own, you can give your merry-go-round to the youngsters, who will have lots of fun with it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DON LOVED HIS MISTRESS.

Clever Little Bullfinch More Demonstrative Than Are Many Boys or Girls.

Don was very unhappy when I was out of sight. His cage was hung at first in a glass conservatory, where he had sunshine, flowers and two canary birds for company. But he did not care for them. He wanted something else. He was silent and mooping. So the loving little bird was made happy by being placed in my room upstairs.

It was wonderful how soon he learned to distinguish my step. Often his clear, sweet tune could be heard pouring from his dainty throat. Or perhaps he was silent. It was all the same. The instant my step sounded in the hall below or on the stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was broken. "Come he-ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" was the eager cry. Of course I always did "come he-ere." And then the delight of the dear little fellow was touching. Down he jumped to the door of his cage post-haste. Then, puffing out like a ball, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if wound up to run for hours. And such a sweet piping as there was, too!

But he never played about the room when I was away. He was too sorrowful for that. His favorite haunt, next to my head or shoulders, was my bureau. He loved to hop all over it; but he loved best of all to mount the big, fat pin cushion. It was such fine fun to pull out the pins and drop them on the bureau scarf. Sometimes he carried them to the edge of the bureau and dropped them on the floor.

One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushion. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out and were dropped as usual. Then came the "tug of war." The poor little bird pulled and pulled, and tugged and tugged. The big pin moved, but did not come out. He put his head on one side and eyed it severely. He was not one of the "give up" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He worked very hard for at least ten minutes. Then the plaintive "Come he-ere, come he-ere!" rang out.

I waited to see what he would do next. And what do you think? He thought a little, then mounted the



DON IN HIS CAGE.

cushion again, and whistled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he seized it once more, and tugged so hard that his tiny feet slipped and he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again: "Come he-ere, come he-ere!"

I could not tease him any longer, and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don seized it with a happy chuckle. Hopping to the back part of the bureau, he dropped the pin down between it and the wall. It was in disgrace, you know.

One day the dear little fellow had been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. That gave him a great deal of work to do, of course. The pins had all to be carried to the edge of the bureau and dropped overboard. That task finished, he went into his house to get his dinner.

I went to work to pick up the pins, telling Don that he was a naughty bird to make me so much trouble. It seemed as if he understood every word. At once he stopped eating his seeds, came out and peeped at me over the edge of the bureau. Then down he came, making steps of my head, shoulder and arm until he reached the floor. And there the dear little bird hurried around with all his might, picking up the pins. He flew up to the cushion, laid them down and came back for more, until they were all gathered up. Then he sat on my chair, whistled his tune and finally went to sleep.—Helen Harcourt, in St. Nicholas.

HOW THE FROG ORIGINATED

Came Into Being Because a Weary, Thirsty Woman Was Prevented from Getting a Drink.

Did you ever hear how frogs originated? It is a queer story, but then it happened a long time ago, when the world was young and all sorts of queer things were happening. We can, of course, believe as much or as little of such stories as we please, but at least they entertain us.

Now as to the frogs, they came into being because a weary, thirsty woman was prevented from getting a drink of water. Here is the way the story is told:

Latona was a beautiful goddess, who lived with the other goddesses and gods on Mt. Olympus, where Jupiter and Juno reigned, as you know. She was distinguished for many things, but chiefly for being the mother of Apollo and Diana. It seems that she incurred the ill will of Juno in some way and was banished from Olympus, with no place to put her foot and no shelter for her weary head, for Juno had made Terra, the earth, promise that she should not find rest anywhere.

Neptune, the god of the sea, however, took pity on the banished goddess and invited her to the Isle of Delos, which then floated under the water but rose to the surface at his command. There she found peace and comfort and brought up her two famous children, Apollo to become the god of the sun and Diana the goddess of the moon.

But perhaps you are wondering what all this has to do with the frogs. It is said that one day while Latona was wandering desolate and weary with her children, while they were yet babies, she came to a pool of clear, sparkling water. Half dying with thirst, goddess as she was, she ran toward the pool to drink some of the cool water but a crowd of ugly yokels surrounded it and kept her away.

She had up to this time borne her privations and sufferings with patience and resignation, but at this act of wanton cruelty her patience gave way and turning furiously on the yokels she turned them all into croaking frogs, which they have remained to this day.

Eastern Kentucky News

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly

JACKSON COUNTY.

McKEE.
Oct. 3.—Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Amy has returned from a 10-days' stay at the World's Fair.—Master Hugh Collier is visiting his cousins Leonard and Pearl Goodman, this week.—James Robinson and Miss Sarah Hignite were married at the bride's home Tuesday.—The new bank of McKee is nearing completion.—Work has begun on the new school building.—Miss Ruth Kerkhof, who has been visiting her home in Michigan for the past six weeks, is expected back in a few days.

MASON COUNTY.

MAYSVILLE.
Oct. 3.—Mrs. Anna Whaley and daughter, Miss Frances, have returned home after an extended trip to Pittsburgh, Pa., visiting relatives and friends.—The ladies of the Bethel Sewing Circle will hold a fall festival, beginning Oct. 15 and continuing until Oct. 22. Everyone is invited to attend.—Mrs. Nancy Stewart and Misses Laura and Bertie Lewis attended the Mayslick fair Saturday.—Mrs. Ida Warder and Rev. E. A. White spent Thursday in the Queen City.—The funeral of Mr. Charlie Whaley, a very respectable citizen of this place, was largely attended at the Plymouth church Friday afternoon. Rev. O. A. Nelson officiated.—Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Henderson are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy.—Mr. Clifton Forty, of Philadelphia, is visiting his wife, Mrs. Margaret Forty, of Lexington street.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

DISPUTANTA.
Oct. 3.—The farmers are saving their fodder and working up their sorghum.—Circuit court adjourned at Mt. Vernon Thursday. There were three convicted, two for two years each and one for four years. Also the grand jury returned 64 indictments.—The little boy of Mr. C. B. Davidson, who was sick at last writing, died. His remains were taken to Annville for burial.—Moses Gatloff shot and killed Robert Riggsby last Tuesday. Gatloff is still at large.—Mrs. Ogg, mother of C. I. Ogg, who has been sick, is no better.—Jesse Anderson, of Richmond, has bought a farm near Climax, and is building a new house.—A Mr. Stephenson, of Richmond, has been leasing lands at this place for mineral.—Miss Clay, of Piqua, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. D. Bronston for a few days.—Jack Abney had a fine horse killed by the train last week.—There were services at Clear Creek Sunday, conducted by the Rev. Chasteen.

MADISON COUNTY.

WALLACETON.
Oct. 3.—Oscar Gabbard has returned from Illinois, where he has been for six months.—Grier Wallace died Monday, Sept. 19, and was buried Tuesday at Wallace chapel.—Isaac Botkins and family have returned from Illinois, where they have been for the past two years, and have located in Wallacetown.—Mr. Tisdale was called to White's Station last Friday by the sudden death of his sister.—A two weeks' meeting closed here at the Baptist church last Sunday night with seven additions, four by letter and three by baptism; meeting conducted by Rev. Wills.—A. J. Smith returned from Louisville last week where he got a job drumming, and will begin work Tuesday.

SCAFFOLD CASE

Rev. J. F. Phelps, who has been in our midst for the last few days, has returned home.—J. S. Waddle bought a fine yoke of oxen from J. W. Todd.—Little Howard Payne, who has been sick, is some better.—Mr. M. C. McGuire and J. S. Waddle made a business trip to Richmond Monday.—Miss Minnie Lake's school at this place is progressing nicely.—Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Davis entertained quite a number of their friends at their home Tuesday evening.—Herbert, the 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Davidson, fell asleep in Jesus last Wednesday morning after 18 days of illness. The little body was taken to Moore's Creek, Jackson County, for burial. The father and mother are broken down with grief over the loss of the darling one.

HICKORY PLAIN.

Oct. 1.—Lornie Gillen and family will move in a few days to Lexington.—Miss Nannie Baker is visiting her grandmother Mrs. Irvine Baker.—Mrs. Bessie Gilbert with her infant son, June Perry, sent a few days of last week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Armstrong.—Howard McKeehan died on Sept. 20, and was buried in the family burying ground on Sept. 21.—Mr. Jeff. Roberts left Sunday for his home in

Lafollette, Tenn. He was called here at the death of his nephew Howard McKeehan.—Mr. Josephus Wilson has sold his place to Eli Cornelison and will give him possession in a few weeks.—Miss May Creekmore was buried at Pilot Knob on Sept. 22.—Mrs. Lotta Munday was buried in Richmond on Sept. 29.

CLAY COUNTY.

CHESTNUTBURG.
Sept. 29.—Dr. J. M. Morris, of Burning Springs, has bought Dr. Goodman's home at Welchburg, and will move there in a few days.—Rev. Dr. McLendon, of Oneida, was here to-day, enroute to East Bernstadt.—Mrs. Jim Clark is visiting relatives in Estill County.—Misses Lizzie Chestnut and Susie Louise McLendon will visit Oneida in a few days.—Miss Mattie Medlock and Mr. Will Isaacs, of Annville, were married to-day.—Col. S. H. Webb, of London, was in Jackson a few days ago. He leaves shortly for California, where he intends to make his future home.—Mrs. Edmund Chestnut visited her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Morris, at Burning Springs this week.

BRIGHT SHADE.

Sept. 28.—Farmers are about all done saving fodder.—Woodson Mills has gone to Manchester on business.—Marion Frederick went to J. B. Walkers Friday and bought new books for his school.—Frank and Taylor Wagers went to the Baptist Association held on Goose Creek.—Squire Smith attended Court at Manchester Monday.—R. G. Webb dismissed school last week on account of illness.—James Hibbard, of Goose Rock, is working on Silas Wager's house.—Wm. Smallwood and Thomas Smith went to Flat Lick Monday.—William Broughton has bought a steam mill and moved it into our midst. He says that he can make it whistle.—Carter Smith's little girl, who has been sick for the last two weeks, is improving.—M. H. Frederick's little girl is very ill.—Henry Hubbard is still on the sick list.—Green Kieth visited home folks at Jack's Branch last week.—J. C. Wilson, of Burning Springs, was the guest of his brother Saturday and Sunday.—We were exceedingly glad to note the news in the correspondence columns of THE CITIZEN from Chestnutburg last week. Come again, please.

OWSLEY COUNTY.

BLAKE.
Sept. 30.—Fodder saving is all the go at present.—The new coal mines at Blake are now open, and good work for awhile.—There are several cases of measles in our community at present.—David Hill has taken to himself that better half that helps to bear man's troubles and make a man's pleasures bright.—The new post-office at Blake is now in operation.—W. J. Blake is back from the World's Fair and reports a good time.—Everett Ross and Theophilus Hudson are logging on a high scale.—Brown Bowman has returned from Heidelberg, where he has been working for the past season.—Corn crops are lighter and much scarcer in our parts than has been known for years.—The gritter is the most important factor in the house at present.—Misses Maud Abbie and Lizzie Isaacs, of Buck Creek, were visiting friends and relatives on Island Creek last week.

BOONEVILLE.

Oct. 3.—Jack Frost has made his appearance on the high grounds throughout the county.—Wm. Ab-shear, of South Booneville, is critically ill with hemorrhage of the lungs.—Old Uncle Bill Thomas died last Monday. He was one of our most substantial citizens and leaves a host of friends to mourn his loss. He was about 75 years old and leaves a widow, who is an invalid, and a son and daughter.—Three new cases of typhoid fever in town and several in the country.—Our circuit court, which convened here on the 19th of Sept., adjourned on Saturday after a busy two weeks' session. The Grand Jury was in session six days, and returned 52 indictments. The Grand Jury dismissed the case against Mary Terry, charged with the murder of Sam Hall, as an accidental killing. Three murder cases were continued until the January term of the court for want of time to try them.—The sheriff will start to-morrow with the six who were sentenced at this term of court to the penitentiary at Frankfort.

GABBARD.

Oct. 3.—There has not been much rain here for over a month.—A number of the citizens of Owsley have announced themselves as candidates for the various offices.—Rev. John B. Lewis preached at Grassy Branch

Our Popular Scholarship Contest

THE CITIZEN'S offer of Free Tuition in Berea College for two terms, to be given to the two most popular young people in each of the eight surrounding counties, attracts more and more attention as the weeks pass. As we go to press the following votes had been received:

Lee County.		Rockcastle County.	
Mary Farler.....	1200	Rachel Hibberd.....	500
Clay Combs.....	650	E. B. Thompson.....	500
Floyd Lucas.....	500	John McFerron.....	400
H. McGuire.....	400	Fannie McClure.....	100
Stella Thompson.....	200	Mollie Carter.....	100
		Minnie Nicely.....	100
		Byrda McHargue.....	100
Madison County.		Jackson County.	
Bessie Hays.....	1501	W. L. Begley.....	2500
Claude DeBaun.....	1226	Susie Watson.....	1200
Wallace Adams.....	700	Laura Hatfield.....	1050
Tommie Baker.....	375	Samuel Davis.....	600
Maggie Lowen.....	375	Lizzie Wilson.....	350
Pearl Gay.....	325	Nannie Click.....	300
		Lucy Parsons.....	300
Clay County.		May Sparkman.....	300
Susie Sparks.....	1850	C. D. Smith.....	100
Ida Bengel.....	1600	Robert Taylor.....	100
W. M. Rice.....	1400		
M. M. Robinson.....	1200	Estill County.	
T. E. Burch.....	650	Katie Moores.....	950
Chas. Combs.....	500	Ambrose Wilson.....	850
G. J. Jarvis.....	500	Garnett Powell.....	800
Mary Collins.....	400	Theda Noland.....	600
Owsley County.		Nora McGee.....	400
Nora Wilson.....	850	J. H. Richardson.....	200
Snowden Reynolds.....	600	Katie Winkler.....	200
Garfield Campbell.....	450	D. B. Alumbaugh.....	200
Mary Ray.....	450	Robert L. Coyle.....	102
Flora Pendergrass.....	201	Martha Logsdon.....	101
Burgoyne Botner.....	116	Sallie Wilson.....	101
Nellie Treadway.....	116	Nolan Cox.....	100
B. J. Pendergrass.....	101	Jonas Coldwell.....	100
Jeanette Gabbard.....	100		

Read THE CITIZEN advertisement on page 5.

school-house last Sunday to a good-sized audience.—In my last letter to THE CITIZEN I said we would play a game of baseball with the Booneville team on Oct. 1st. We did not play on that day, but we will play in October sometime. The Booneville team went to Perry County on Oct. 1st to play a game with the "Buck Horn" team.—Most all the people are done saving fodder, and are beginning to make up their cane, which they say is a hard job, but a pleasure to eat the molasses afterwards.—Circuit court closed at Booneville Saturday after being in session two weeks. Quite a number of indictments were made by the Grand Jury, which held one week. Six persons were sent to the pen. This is not a good name for old Owsley, but the law must take its course. Let the people take a lesson and try to live up to the laws of our county and make it one of the most law-abiding counties of our State.

\$25 REWARD.

On last Tuesday night, Sept. 29, or Wednesday, there was stolen from my place one 4-year old ox weighing about 900 pounds. Has only one horn, on the right side and loose in head; split just a little. Has a white spot in forehead, just a little to one side. Finder will receive \$25 reward for his return or knowledge of whereabouts. Address, John Summers, Corico, Jackson county, Ky.—10-6

Notice.

Dr. L. Cornelius has been forced to place his accounts in the hands of a lawyer for collection. All who received statements and many who did not will save fees by sending at once to his address, 2951 Boulevard F., Denver, Colorado. 10-13

For Sale

A farm of 70 acres, adjoining town limits, on the waters of Silver Creek. Well improved. Good Buildings. call on J. P. Bicknell, Berea, Ky.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the cure of consumption and the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

For women Scott's Emulsion does this and more. It is a most sustaining food and tonic for the special trials that women have to bear.

To children Scott's Emulsion gives food and strength for growth of flesh and bone and blood. For pale girls, for thin and sickly boys Scott's Emulsion is a great help.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

General Nogi.

It is no wonder that the Japanese win great victories when they are led by men like General Nogi. This officer received the news of his son's



death in the assault on Nanshan hill without a sign of emotion, and gave orders as he left home for the scene of war that there should be no mourning ceremony until he himself and his other son had also fallen. General Nogi expects, as a matter of course, to give his life for his country. He is commander of Japan's Fourth army.

Major General Fukushima.

Seated at a desk in Tokyo a little man is working day and night, helping to direct the armies of Japan in Manchuria. He is General Sir Yasumasa



Fukushima, one of the leading spirits of the general staff. Major General Fukushima commanded the Japanese forces at the battle of Tientsin during the Boxer insurrection. He works all night four times a week in addition to his arduous labors during the daytime.

Where They Are Needed.

"There is a fortune in my life preserver that can be worn below the coat without detection."

"For timid people when they go to sea?"

"No. For the use of brokers in Wall street."

It Comes Handy.

Wives of great men oft remind us As they pass in swell array That a man should have insurance So his widow may be gay.

Snap For His Friends.

"Why don't you buy your cigars by the box and save money?" "Try it once, and you will see that it saves money mostly for your friends."

The Proper Shade.

"It is only natural that a man should want to have his grave kept green." "I suppose so. Still, I should think blue grass would be more appropriate."

Carriage Satisfaction Here.



Buggies! Phaetons Runabouts Surries Traps Durable Graceful Useful Comfortable Stylish

Our Vehicles are every one "FLAWLESS" in wheel, body, finish and trimmings. No other sort could give the satisfaction our carriages invariably give. No better place to buy than HERE. No better time to buy than NOW. Prices down to Rock-bottom, Qualities up to Top-notch.

We re-paint, re-pair and re-tire. Get our prices.

KENTUCKY CARRIAGE WORKS,

C. F. HIGGINS, Prop.

Richmond, Ky.

Your Heart.

When Your Heart Fails to Pump Your Blood, Trouble Results.

Have you heart trouble? You have, if you find it hard to breathe after walking up stairs, exercising, etc. If you have pain in your left side, in chest, back or shoulder. If you suffer from cold extremities, pale face, blue lips, dry cough, swollen ankles.

If you have fainting spells, breast pang, palpitation, redness of the face, discomfort in sleeping on one side.

The only scientific treatment for this whole train of troubles is Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is the prescription of a famous specialist, whose great success in treating obstinate nervous heart disease has made his name pre-eminent in the medical and scientific world.

The medicine will cure you. We know it. We want you to prove it. If first bottle does not benefit, your druggist will give you back your money.

"I have for several years suffered at times with heart trouble. I got so bad I could not sleep half the night, and had to sit up on the side of the bed lots of times to get breath. Three of my brothers have died of heart trouble, and I thought I was going the same way, but about two and a half years ago I got a pamphlet about Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and thought I would try a few bottles. After using them I recovered, and have had better health since then than before for several years. I can heartily recommend them for heart trouble."—REV. JERRY HURT, Pastor Baptist Church, Hurt, Kans.

FREE Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank. Our Specialist will diagnose your case, tell you what is wrong, and how to right it. Free. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

We have bought the

Meat Shop

Known as the R. D. Massey Meat Store on Main Street and will have fresh meat on hand all the time. Come and see us for fair treatment. Your trade is solicited here.

Durham Bros.,

Main Street, Berea, Ky.

The Special build of

"Tennessee" Wagons

make them the most desirable of any wagons on the market.

2 1/2 in. running gear, \$42.50 cash.

3 in. running gear, \$45.00 cash.

Sold by

A. P. SETTLE, Jr.

Depot Street, Berea, Ky.

25 Percent Off

For the next 30 days on the Celebrated White Mountain Refrigerators.

Large Stock to select from.

ARBuckle & SIMMONS,

Main Street,

Richmond, Ky.

Try for Health

222 South Peoria St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 7, 1902.

Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Surgeon-Quaker

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

WINE OF CARDUI



\$3.00 W.D. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

UNION MADE

Notice increase of sales in table below:

1899 = 116,106 Pairs.

1900 = 189,183 Pairs.

1901 = 1,269,764 Pairs.

1902 = 1,566,720 Pairs.

Business More Than Doubled in Four Years.

THE REASONS:

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world.

W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes placed side by side with \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes of other makers, are found to be just as good. They will outwear two pairs of ordinary \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes.

Made of the best leathers, including Patent Corona Kid, Corona Calf, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Kyalite and Always Black Heels Last.

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 "Gilt Edge Line" cannot be equalled at any price.

Shoes by mail \$5.00 extra. Catalog free.

W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Coyle & Hayes,

Main Street, Berea, Ky.